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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Grandchildren of the Good Earth

A HOUSE DIVIDED. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by MAUDE MEAGHER

MRS. BUCK'S latest book, a picture of the new China, is best considered as part of the great trilogy of which it is the final volume. Behind the bilingual, cosmopolitan Chinese of the present day cities are still the teeming masses on the soil, illiterate and fertile, from whom these others draw their colorful lives. So, although Mrs. Buck deals here with the educated children and grandchildren of old Wang Lung in "The Good Earth," he and his fruitful wife O-lan are implicit in every page. She has shown us a hundred years—portentous years—as China comes slowly out of its provincial ways of thought, and prepares to take its place as a nation among nations. China's mind has always been provincial, even at the highest point of its culture, even when its emperors were known (to their subjects) as "Lord of all beneath the sky," for it is the way of the provincial-minded to ignore and despise all outside their own borders. Such isolation produces the concentrated cultures of the Athenians and the T'angs that stand a little while, unshared and unyielding, before they become memories only.

Now Chinese culture, threatened in myriad ways from without, is deserted by the young Chinese in a panic to learn what saving knowledge for their country can be learned abroad. Wang Lung's grandson, Wang Yuan, pores over American scientific books, and, "though he could not but cry out secret admiration in his heart, yet he thought most bitterly, 'We have in our country been sleeping in our beds, the curtains drawn, thinking it still night and all the world asleep with us. But it has long been day, and these foreigners have been awake and working. . . . Shall we ever find what we have lost in all these years?'"

Here is a Chinese arrived a long way from his grandfather Wang Lung, who, gone with his family in a famine year to beg in a city a hundred miles from his home, heard one day speech against the foreigners and was terrified, for he supposed that it was against him, as a Northern Chinese, that these Southern Chinese spoke. Against whom else? The high-nosed, red-faced American whom he later saw was but some sport of nature, uncouth and insignificant, to be forgotten in the serious business of wresting a living from the earth.

With this book a significant change has come into Mrs. Buck's very style. In "The Good Earth," in "Sons," and in that wise and powerful book (not a part of the present trilogy), "The Mother," her sentences came from her pen in a rich, inchoate flow, a dozen "ands" and "buts" to a sentence. They came out anyhow, and hardened as they lay; and coming as they did from a deep, perceptive nature, the pure truth was in them. Valuing that, one shook one's critical mind free of the monotonous drone of the "Well, and if . . ." that began most speeches and sank one's self with her to where the roots of understanding are hidden. The style of those earlier books had an automatic quality; every child and every dreamer has such a formula of words to start off such a flow. It is a sort of magic formula, meaningless,

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AN INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMATIC GAME

Norman Davis, Admiral Stanley, Sir John Simon, and Ambassador Matsudaira walking to the third green at Walton Heath during last month's naval conversations at London. World Wide photo.

Dusting off the Gold Tops*

BY LORD DAVID CECIL

THEY crowd the shelves of every gentleman's library. *Editions de luxe*, heavy with gilding and the best rag paper, standard reprints clothed in an honorable and linen simplicity, dim behind glass doors, or sallow with exposure to dust and daylight, the serried lines confront one, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, George Eliot, lawful and undisputed monarchs of literature. At least so they were; else how should they have attained their majestic position on the shelves, rubbing shoulders on equal terms, as it were, with Milton and Gibbon and Boswell's "Life of Johnson"? But no author's reputation is certain for fifty years after his death. Will the Victorian novelists keep their high place? The experience of the last few years might lead one to doubt it. For one thing people do not read most of them as they used. The learned and Olympian kind of critic speaks of them less often than of French or Russian novelists; while the bright young people of the literary world, if they mention them at all, do so with boredom and contempt and disgust.

Yet in spite of all their sins of omission and commission, to reread the books of these novelists is not to be disappointed. For their defects are more than counterbalanced by their extraordinary merits, merits all the more dazzling to us from the fact that they are so noticeably absent from the novels of our contemporaries. Apart from anything else, they tell the story so well. And though this may not be the highest merit of the novelist, it is, in some sort, the first; for it satisfies the primary object for which novels were first written. Mankind, like a child, wanted to be told a story. It is noticeable that people still give Dickens and Thackeray to children; and this is not, as some critics seem to suggest, because they are infantile, but because they make the story immediately and easily interesting. Improbable though the plot may be, it keeps one on tenterhooks so that one cannot put down the book at the end of a chapter, but must look over the next leaf to see what is going to happen. The most ardent admirer has never turned the next leaf of "Ulysses" in order to see what was going to happen. Nor, even from a higher point of view, is the power to tell a story unimportant. For unless his interest is thoroughly engaged, how can a reader warm to that heightened, softened, acceptant condition of mind in which alone he is receptive of esthetic impression? We turn once more to "Ulysses," and repeat, how indeed!

And though from one aspect these novelists' range is limited, from another it is very large; much larger than that of most writers today. "Vanity Fair," "Martin Chuzzlewit," are not, like most modern novels, concentrated wholly on the fortunes of that handful of individuals who are its chief characters; they are also panoramas of whole societies. Now, as we read their pages, we are rubbing shoulders with kings and statesmen at Waterloo or Brussels, now huddling in an emigrant ship across the Atlantic, listening now to sharpers exchanging their plans across the sordid table of a gin palace, to schoolboys stridently teasing, to the genteel malice of a provincial drawing-room, to footmen relaxing over their beer; now we share the murmured confidences of two girls as the candle burns blue on the dressing-table and the ball-dress rustles from smooth shoulders to the floor. A hundred different types and classes, persons and nationalities, jostle one another across the shadow screen of our imagination. The Victorian novelists may miss the heights and depths, but they cast their net very wide.

And their range of subject is not larger than their range of mood. Modern novelists are all specialists, experts. There

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** The following article, somewhat expanded, is to constitute the introductory essay to Lord David Cecil's "Great Victorian Novelists," which is shortly to be published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

The Politics of Policies

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC GAME. By Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN FRANKLIN CARTER

IT was too much to hope that one of the principal stockholders in that mine of malicious gossip, "The Washington Merry-Go-Round," and that gentleman known to London journalism as "Mr. Constantine Wrong," should collaborate to produce a good, sane, objective study of post-war American diplomacy. Yet that is exactly what they have done. Written neither according to the dictates of *ventre à terre* school of deadline journalism nor according to dignified "then-another - ant - came - and-took-another-grain-of-corn" historical standards, "The American Diplomatic Game" has been composed with perspective, written fairly and interestingly, and contains the best and most informed account of the Kellogg-Stimson-Roosevelt diplomatic cycle which has appeared to date. If you would like to understand the four-dimensional intricacies of the war in the Chaco; if you enjoy the spectacle of expert political jiu-jitsu in our European policy; if you want to know why Roosevelt is rushing our navy to completion and preparing to hold manœuvers west of Hawaii, "The American Diplomatic Game" is a "must" book.

That is not to say that the authors are always right or even fully informed. There are serious gaps in their knowledge and occasional wide errors of interpretation—for example, they barely mention the Japanese campaign at Shanghai, which was the real pay-off of the Manchuria crisis, and betray a happy ignorance of the economic and financial undertone of the Austrian crisis of 1931. Yet, as an account of the era which began with the optimism of the Kellogg Pact and concluded only yesterday with Japan's formal denunciation of the Washington and London Naval Treaties, "The American Diplomatic Game" is both temperate, dramatic, and important.

Its conclusions are those conventional to journalism. "War in Europe may come . . . almost immediately," they write. "It may not come for five years. But when it does come to Europe it will also come to

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This Week

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POTTER'S FIELD
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Next Week or Later

LITERARY WITCHCRAFT
By HUMBERT WOLFE

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Dusting off the Gold Tops

(*Continued from first page*)

are the serious writers who wish to make a contribution to literature, Mr. Galsworthy, say, Mr. Aldous Huxley, Mrs. Woolf. And they in their turn can be subdivided: Mr. Galsworthy, the sociological realist, intent to diagnose society; Mr. Huxley, the philosopher, to whom fiction is a vehicle by which to convey his considered—and discouraging—ideas about life; Mrs. Woolf, the artist, who uses human life as a carpet-maker uses his color skeins to weave a ravishing design. Then there are the frivolous writers, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, Mrs. Agatha Christie, who write without thought of posterity, to entertain the reader of the moment, Mr. Wodehouse by laughs, Mrs. Christie by thrills. But the Victorians, the irresponsible Victorians, do not bother to sort themselves into any such categories. They write equally for the train journey and for all time; they crowd realism and fantasy, thrills and theories, knockabout farce and effects of pure esthetic beauty, cheek by jowl on the same page; they are Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Huxley and Mrs. Woolf, Mrs. Christie, and Mr. Wodehouse, all in one. A book like "David Copperfield" is a sort of vast schoolboy hamper of fiction: with sweets and sandwiches, pots of jam with their greased paper caps, cream and nuts and glossy apples, all packed together in a heterogeneous deliciousness. And as a result it fills and stimulates the reader as the filtered vitamin B of contemporary genius hardly ever does. For it appeals to so many more of his sympathies: before familiarity has dulled his responsiveness to one set of stimuli it has evoked another.

But it is not their range or their power to tell a story that makes these novels so impressive. You can have an excellently told story dealing with half the people and passions under heaven which is only in a minor sense a work of art at all. And where the Victorians succeed so sensationally is precisely on their artistic

for instance, solely and laboriously [illegible] cerned to present their works in accordance with the strictest esthetic canons. If they were, their books would not be so badly constructed. But art is not exclusively the question of presentation and arrangement that some of our more pretentious critics seem to think; art is not the same as craft. If it were, Fletcher would be a greater dramatist than Webster, Goldsmith a greater poet than Blake. No, the specific mark of a work of art is that it is a "creation," a new, individual, and living entity, owing something of its character, no doubt, to its subject and more to the personality of its creator, yet differing from and independent of either. Without this independent vitality the most accomplished portrait remains a photograph, the most intimate history a record. Nor can any "craft," however skilful, create a work of art till the raw material of experience on which it is working has been first transmuted to the stuff of which art is made. And the distinguishing, essential qualification of the artist is what for want of a better name is called "creative imagination"; the power, that is, which generates that union of artist and material in which alone the child of artistic life is born.

It is this quality of creative imagination which our novelists possess in such a supreme degree. It is their distinguishing characteristic; it is also the characteristic in which their successors are so markedly inferior to them. The material of the novelist is the world of human beings and their relations to one another. These he apprehends and selects in such a way as to create a new world, founded it is true on the real one, and, it may be, elucidating certain aspects of it, but with an independent energy and idiosyncrasy of its own. The modern realist tends just to reproduce the real world. He traces the life of an adolescent girl in a provincial town, or the stream of consciousness of an unsuccessful sculptor, or whatever his drab subject may be, with the detailed accuracy of a Dutch little master or a government blue-book. But that is all he does. His imagination never gets to work on the facts; the act of creation is never performed. So that the books have no independent vitality; they exist only in relation to their models, and can communicate no sense of reality to someone to whom these models mean nothing. They are photographs, not pictures.

Now the great Victorian novels are all pictures. Sometimes they are fanciful and romantic, connected with reality only by a frail thread; more often they, too, stick close to the facts of actual exis-

preme degree the quality of creative imagination.

It shows itself in the setting of their stories. It shows itself in their actual conception of incident. Mr. Lockwood's first haunted night in the little room in Wuthering Heights, Lucy Snowe's drugged roaming through midnight Villette, garish with carnival, Bill Sykes, trapped in that sordid island by the river, Esmond come home after ten years' absence to the cathedral where Lady Castlewood's face gleams pale in the candleshine and the handful of worshippers mutter the weekly evensong: these stir the heart and stick in the memory, not because they are especially true to life, nor because of the characters—the picture remains in our minds when the very names involved in it are long forgotten—but because in themselves they are dramatic and picturesque.

Imagination shows itself still more in their humor. Indeed the very fact that they have humor shows that they are creative; for humor is not a record of facts but a comment on them. The masterpieces of contemporary fiction, one may note, have little humor: there are few jokes in "Sons and Lovers," "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." But in "Vanity Fair" and "David Copperfield" and "Barchester Towers" there are hundreds. All the great Victorian novelists are humorists. And humorists each in a style of his own.

But, of course, the most important expression of the creative imagination lies in the most important part of any novel, in the characters. The Victorians are all able to make their characters live. They do not always do it, they are as unequal about this as they are about everything

"He had to be Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Huxley, Mrs. Woolf, Mrs. Christie, and Mr. Wodehouse in one." (Clockwise from top in this order.)

else. And even when they do the result is often, from the realist's point of view, preposterous. What real human being ever acted like Mr. Rochester or talked like Mr. F.'s aunt? But Mr. Rochester and Mr. F.'s aunt are none the less alive for that. Within their limits the Victorians' range of character might seem inexhaustible. Their books linger in the memory, not as stories or theses, but as crowds; crowds of breathing, crying, laughing, living people. As long as they live, the books that house them will never die.

This extraordinary mixture of strength and weakness, then, is the second startling characteristic of the English novel. It is the striking characteristic of most English literature. The Elizabethan dramatists, the Caroline lyric poets, are as sensationally bad at one time as they are sensationally good at another. But in the Victorian novel a natural predisposition was intensified by two circumstances. For one thing the form was so new. For another it had not yet achieved its present lofty position in the hierarchy of letters. The novel is now a dominating literary form. The leading writers of the last thirty years, Mr. Wells, say, or Mr. Lawrence, express themselves and their theories through the novel, as the leading spirits in the Elizabethan age expressed themselves through poetry and drama. No one would call the more serious works of these authors light reading. But on its first appearance the novel was regarded as, of its nature, light reading. As late as 1880 well-brought-up children were taught not to read novels before luncheon; Herbert Spencer maintained that no novels but those of George Eliot were of sufficiently serious value to be in the London Library. The Victorian reader idled away an evening over a novel when he did not feel up to tackling history or poetry. Now we might go to the cinema; the novel then was, *in some degree*, regarded in the same way as the cinema is now, as a frivolity, a relaxation, an entertainment.

These circumstances inevitably accentuated any tendency to inequality in the novel. Because it was in its first stage, it was bound to be technically faulty. It had not yet evolved its own laws; it was still bound to the conventions of the comic stage and heroic romance from which it took its origin, with their artificial intrigues and stock situations and forced happy endings. Because it was looked on as light reading its readers did not expect a high standard of craft, nor mind if it had occasional lapses; especially as they themselves had no traditions of taste by which to estimate it. On the other hand they strongly objected to spending their hours of light reading on themes that were distressing or an intellectual strain. They did not read a novel for the same reason that they read "Hamlet"; they did not want it to be like "Hamlet." While their moral views made any frank or detailed treatment of the physical side of life simply and finally impossible.

It is to be noted that here the Victorians show a definite decline from earlier novelists. The growing strength of the middle classes made them less cultivated and more puritanical than their predecessors. But if the peculiar circumstances of their age encouraged the Victorians' peculiar faults, they were equally responsible for most of their peculiar merits. It was because the novelist had to entertain that he learned to tell the story so well. If it did not engage the

to cover a wide range of subject and mood; a range further extended by the fact that the public, though not seriously interested in art, were seriously interested in life and held strongly moral views about it. He had to be Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Huxley, Mrs. Woolf, Mrs. Christie, and Mr. Wodehouse in one, for his readers would not have been satisfied with so narrow a field of experience as each of these authors separately appeals to. His special circumstances cannot be held equally responsible for his greatest merit, for his imagination. The seed of inspiration falleth where it listeth. But it can be said that circumstances provided it with a fertile field.

What, then, is our final impression of these novels? Shall we return them to their honorable places, tested and worthy peers of Milton and Boswell; are they the undisputed masterpieces of fiction that their contemporaries thought them? Not altogether. I have compared them to the Elizabethan drama. And with intention. For they have a great deal in common; each the first, irresistible outcome of a new and major channel of literary expression, vital and imaginative in the highest degree, but inevitably stained by immaturity and inefficiency and ignorance. So that with a few wonderful exceptions, "Vanity Fair" and "Wuthering Heights," their books are aggregations of brilliant passages rather than coherent wholes. And for this reason they are not among the very greatest novels, they do not attain that minute final circle of the paradise of fiction, the circle of "War and Peace," "Fathers and Sons," and "Emma."

But though they are not the very greatest, they are great. For their merits are of so superlative a kind, forged in the central heat of the creative imagination, rich in essential precious stuff from which the art of the novel is made. Those who care for art as such will discover a satisfaction in them that all the conscientious craftsmanship and accurate observation and technical experiment of today hardly ever provide.

Time and Water

By MARK VAN DOREN

THE humped back of the beaver, and the four
Curved teeth that bring the poplar splashing down—
There in the lake it lies, and the silver branches
Turn, in the day, in the night, to a watery brown—
The upthrust and pond-dividing whiskers
Say that the world is wet, and seasons drown.

Swimming in darkness, nearing his willow dam,
Pausing before he climbs to the dripping sticks,
He is eternally far from hills and deserts,
Roads, and the odorous barns, and the drying ricks;
The beaver is only credulous of meadows
A rising river enters and moistly licks.

Diving in darkness, down to the lily roots,
Turning and paddling off and rising slow,
The beaver descends again and finds his burrow,
Rises again and is home, and he says: I know.
Water is endless, time is an undulation,
Water is all there is, and seasons flow.

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Baedeker to the Universe

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME. By Sir James Jeans. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

THE tremendous dimension of space and the concurrent dimension of time which Galileo presented us with when he invented the telescope have furnished literary pessimists with a very striking rhetoric—it has been used in the later prose of Maurice Maeterlinck and the latest verse of Edna Millay. There is abundance of material for such rhetoric in this authoritative popularization of the cosmogony of the modern scientist. "The universe as it now is" is this—

> Vast spaces of unthinkable extent and terrifying desolation, redeemed from utter emptiness only at rare intervals by small particles of cold, lifeless matter, and at still rarer intervals by those vivid balls of flaming gas we call stars. Most of these stars are solitary wanderers through space, although here and there we may perhaps find a star giving warmth and light to a family of encircling planets.

The idea of order and beauty evoked by the word "cosmos" fades before such a conception. "The universe as it now is" is not a "cosmos." But the sentence quoted gives only an intimation of the alienness of this universe: in our own particular universe, in the system which a pre-scientific astronomy named the Milky Way, we can only distinguish as points of light one star in forty millions.

> Thus, for every star we see as a star, there must be 39,999,999 others that are either completely invisible or are mingled in the general faint glimmer of the Milky Way. There are about 2,000 million inhabitants of the earth, so that if the stars were equally divided among all the earth's inhabitants, there would be about one hundred for each person. Outside this particular universe of ours there are the stars of the "extra-galactic nebulæ," the nearest of which are 800,000 light-years away from us. These nebulæ are receding in relation to us, and they are receding because space itself is expanding—"with every tick of the clock its diameter increases by at least several hundreds of thousands of miles."

And we once called this a cosmos! It is no wonder that the rhetoric of pessimism has been enormously reinforced by the operation of the high-powered telescope: the futility of man's pretensions is apparent in the red light of these receding nebulæ. Yet perhaps the pessimists have not got hold of the whole story. The writer of "Through Space and Time" delivered last September an address to the British Association in which he stressed conceptions which may make us less liable to terror and despair when confronted with the dimensions of "the universe as it now is." "Our minds," Sir James Jeans then declared to his listeners,

BOWEN ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA, TWO PHOTOS OF THE SAME SCENE FROM A DISTANCE OF TWELVE MILES
Above, by ordinary light; below, by infra-red radiation. From "Through Space and Time."

> can only be acquainted with things inside themselves—never with things outside. . . . There is, in fact, no clear-cut division between the subject and the object; they form an indivisible whole which now becomes nature. . . . It may seem strange, and almost too good to be true, that nature should in the last resort consist of something we can really understand; but there is always the simple solution available—that the external world is essentially of the same nature as mental ideas.

Not all of "Through Space and Time" deals with the dimensions of outer space—most of it deals with our earth, the air that surrounds us, the sky above us, the moon, the sun, the planets of our own domestic circle. We get necessary instruction about all these and we get it in a way that is highly interesting; we learn, too, about the miraculous contrivances which scientists have developed for ascertaining weight, density, luminosity in those vast and empty worlds. Sir James Jeans is an instance of a first-rate mind that is limber enough to do a good piece of popularization. In this, as in other books of his, he helps us to understand that background which scientists of today take for granted. With a genuine power of popularly illustrating the results of remote research, he never slips down from the dignity that is inherent in his subject. Once he mentions "the intellectual darkness of the Middle Ages" and makes us wonder how complete is the culture which permits him to speak of the epoch of Dante and the great theologians in this conventional way. It is true that compared with the Greeks the medieval thinkers were far out in their notions of cosmogony. But they inaugurated a dynamic of thought which has carried us to an awareness of the receding nebulæ. Sir James Jeans does not show the specialist's myopia in any other sentence, and we must be grateful to him for giving us such an instructive and entertaining Baedeker to "the universe as it now is."

The Politics of Policies

(*Continued from first page*)

the Far East. War will come." The cycle which began with Mr. Kellogg's gold pen spluttering across his Multilateral Miracle ends with a Rooseveltian foreign policy which involves "the building of a giant navy, an attitude of almost bitter coldness toward Japan, and—with the exception of Latin America—a position of complete isolation in regard to the rest of the world."

The story is a fascinating piece of synthesis and interpretation. The Kellogg-Briand Pact is a saga in itself, full of amusing and ironic cross-currents, packed with incident and tingling with satire. The London Naval Conference and the failure of the World Disarmament Conference at Geneva supply the authors with a shrewd and well - informed inside story of events in a most authoritative manner. These two sections could hardly be improved upon. The section dealing with the Hoover Moratorium, the Laval visit, and the end of reparations is less thorough. The authors omit all reference to M. Laval's attempt to force Hoover's hand by the threat to withdraw all French gold from New York and our banking system's ultimatum to the French: take your money out inside twenty-four hours or tie it up in long-term investments! They fail to see that the Kredit-Anstalt failure, which led to the German banking crisis and England's departure from the gold standard, was due, not principally to French financial intrigues but to the drop in the world price of wheat. And they omit all reference to the pledge which Laval has always claimed he received from Hoover, the permanent cancellation of war debts in return for the final cancellation of reparations. They do point out correctly, however, the essential dishonesty of this episode in American diplomacy:

> At that time Mr. Hoover knew, and Mr. Stimson knew, and Mr. Mills knew, that Europe would default either on war debts or private debts, and that either the American taxpayer or the American investor must foot the bill. But neither Hoover nor Stimson nor Mills wanted the American public to know this

with the result that we lost both war debts, long-term bonds, and short-term credits in the gigantic fraudulency of a European default inspired by British high finance.

DREW PEARSON

To the earnest student of the causes of war in human nature, the chapter on the Chaco is especially recommended. It is the one thorough treatment of the subject in the English language and does the greatest of credit to Mr. Pearson, whose hand is apparent in every line of this section. He points out that "No scientist in his laboratory ever isolated a dread germ more completely and under circumstances more favorable for observation than the disease of war was isolated in the 'Chaco,' and concludes that

> War against war must be marshalled with as much scientific care and concentration as the greatest military campaign; it is not a battleground for prima donnas of peace.

The last section, entitled "The World Prepares for War," though dealing with the collapse of the world's peace machinery as a result of the parallel emergence of Hitler's Germany and General Araki's Japan, is in many ways the least satisfactory and most journalistic part of the book. It is also an object lesson in how not to deal with a crisis. Secretary Stimson's refusal to listen to the advice of Dr. Stanley Hornbeck, the State Department's Far Eastern specialist, and his reliance on secret diplomacy and on Japanese good faith, led us to the brink of catastrophe. Only the boom of Japanese guns bombarding Chapei and the discovery that the Japanese Foreign Office was not above issuing studied insults on the basis of deliberately falsified official news, brought him to his senses:

> . . . all the Puritan indignation latent in Mr. Stimson's soul came boiling to the surface. Japanese militarism in all its stark madness lay revealed before him. He realized that he had been made ridiculous.

The further discovery that the French and British were double-crossing him at Geneva and Tokyo, the British going so far as to give Japan secret assurance that their navy would never be used to enforce sanctions and the French eagerly sacrificing in Asia the very system of collective security which they demanded in Europe, completed the education of this very human Secretary of State. From the moment that Stimson realized that he had been made the "fall guy" for European colonization in Asia he drew in his horns and kept his powder dry and his mouth shut. The pig-headed obscurantism of the Hughes policy of non-recognition of Russia and the imbecile penny-pinching of the Hoover naval policy made real action impossible to Stimson, but he did what he could, consulted with Canada, Mexico, and Chile on protecting the Western coasts of this hemisphere, and prepared to establish air bases in the Aleutians.

It remained for Roosevelt to call all bluffs. While the authors are seriously at fault in their account of the origin of the attempt at coöperation between Hoover and Roosevelt during the interregnum, as well as the cause of its failure (Roosevelt had indicated his willingness to coöperate if Hoover would invite him to do so, while Hoover and Ogden Mills tried to play petty politics with him and commit him to their banker-inspired European policy), they are sound and sympathetic in their treatment of the Roosevelt-Stimson relationship, through which continuity of policy in the Far East was established.

However, the authors fail to appreciate in full the real implications of Roosevelt's foreign policy. First, he called the European bluff on disarmament, by offering everything that European foreign offices had been demanding of us: consultation, abandonment of the freedom of the seas doctrine, embargo on shipment of arms to an aggressor, coöperation in naming the aggressor, and participation in the supervisory commission to enforce disarmament. Then he called the international banking bluff at the World Economic Conference by devaluing the dollar and offering a general program of reciprocal tariff reductions. Then he called the capitalistic bluff on Soviet Russia, by instituting recognition under circumstances which savored of *realpolitik*. This spectacle was followed by the ludicrous abandonment of pretense of high moral purpose in London and Paris and a wild rush to Moscow for preferential trade arrangements and military alliances. Finally, at the London Naval conversations in 1934, Roosevelt called the British bluff on Asia. He declined to take up the offer of an Anglo - American Alliance against Japan, refused to allow himself — like Hoover — to prefer a bad treaty to none at all, and began to play Japan and England against each other in the manner hitherto traditional to British diplomacy alone. The British played their trump card, a threat to renew the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, but Roosevelt looked at the growth of Japanese commercial competition with British trade in China, India, East Africa, and the South Seas, made note of the Japanese offers to buy Hongkong from the British and Sumatra from the Dutch, observed the feverish effort to complete the Singapore naval base—and moved the American fleet temporarily into the Atlantic. The British Naval Attaché protested to our Chief of Naval Operations that it would be wise to leave some ships in the Pacific, but Admiral Stanley inquired, "Where was the British fleet when we needed it during the Manchurian troubles two years ago?" Roosevelt announced in effect that we had ceased to be a buffer state for British interests in Asia, and British diplomats began to wonder whether another incident like the sinking of the "Maine" in 1898 mighn't stampede us again into war. Perhaps, and if there is any serious reason to believe that we could so be stampeded, there is no doubt that such an incident would occur.

CONSTANTINE BROWN

The authors are unusually temperate and fair-minded in their judgment of our diplomats during this cycle of optimism and frustration. They seem to regard the Kellogg of the Peace Pact episode as having done the best job both of diplomacy and management of public opinion. Stimson they obviously like—indeed it is difficult to dislike this intense and trusting little man—but criticize strongly on technical grounds, for his failure to use public opinion effectively in the opening critical period of the Manchuria situation. They appear to regard Secretary Hull as a cipher, so far as major policy is concerned. Their appraisals of other figures, both American and foreign, are shrewd, picturesque, and restrained. And they do not hesitate to show that journalism is responsible for as much harm as good in the American diplomatic game. All in all, they have written a surprisingly good book on the most difficult of all themes: diplomacy in a world whose foreign offices still refuse to make public all the pertinent documents of the World War and Peace Treaty period, let alone those current moves and motives which are the price of human lives and happiness.

* *

John Carter, now a member of the Department of Agriculture, for some time occupied a position in the State Department.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Morgan Library

The Morgan Library is accessible to scholars and notable works of scholarship are already being drawn from its treasures. It has exhibitions, one of which is now current. The general public may obtain entrance by asking for the privilege; and it is not necessary to be an accredited scholar in order to get a card. With such a wealth of reference material, it is of course understandable that precautions should be taken, and that this great collection should be reserved first of all for students. However, the interest of these priceless manuscripts and memorabilia extends far beyond the specialist, and the present restrictions, however perfunctory, raise barriers for the visiting stranger or even the book lover resident in New York, who may hesitate to ask for, or be unaware of, his privileges. We believe that the new building, which contains the reading and exhibition rooms, should be open to the public without card or other restriction at least one day a week.

And our reason for urging a procedure that would involve expense and perhaps inconvenience to custodians and scholars at work, is not merely that so many treasures of literature should be regarded as a public trust, and made part of the privileges of a great city. All this is true, but there is a more cogent reason. Literature, especially the literature of the past, inevitably becomes more and more dehumanized. Keats, Byron, Dickens, Scott, Hawthorne, to say nothing of Shakespeare, the medievalists, and the great Romans and Greeks, become names merely, shadows, more or less august, of another world than ours.

And did you once see Shelley plain? was a cry from the reality of experience. To think of a Wordsworth, a Pope, a Ben Jonson as a man in the flesh, who wrote, as this editorial is being written, scratching out false starts, revising, interrupted, excited as the handwriting may show, is to think of a man as well as of a book. Letters, memorabilia, most of all the manuscripts of masterpieces which show the quality of labor, give a sense of the continuity of the imagination, of the human relationship throughout the ages between writer and reader, which no edition, first or last, no literary essay, no portrait even, can equal.

And it is in such material that the Morgan Library is infinitely rich. Already the American Academy exhibits at their gallery at 155th Street and Broadway the human background of manuscripts, utensils, memorabilia of their members who have contributed to American literature. But where they can thus humanize a Mark Twain or a Howells, the Morgan Library with its treasures from every great age could put flesh on the bones of the history of all literature.

This great library is not primarily for exhibit, and yet at small cost and with some trouble, in our opinion richly justified, one day a week could surely be given to the public, with exhibits changing from time to time, but always with the idea of showing to those who know them only in cold type, great writers in their habits, as they lived.

A clear photograph has recently been made of a famous papyrus in the Zagreb Museum, which contains the longest Etruscan text so far discovered. The photograph makes the complete text of twelve hundred words available for Etruscan scholars, and its final translation will undoubtedly elucidate many obscurities. Hitherto only a hundred and fifty words of the text have been legible.

"STATIC, NOTHING! THAT'S ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT GOING QUIETLY MAD."

Letters to the Editor:

Major Thomas Replies to Colonel Palmer; The Grand Manner and Modern Poetry

Bliss's Diaries

SIR:—Colonel Palmer transposes an unfavorable review of his book into an attack on General Bliss, but his letter replies to criticisms not made in my review. My estimate of General Bliss is rather higher, I should say, than his; and my review praised Bliss but found the biography disappointing and inadequate. The author demands for his book the admiration due General Bliss's character: whoever ventures to make a distinction becomes "an enthusiastic proselyte of a medieval militarism."

1. A mass of letters, reports, and memoranda do not constitute a diary or journal; but my comment on the absence of one could not possibly be taken as a criticism of the author. In his preface he makes no mention of a diary and none is referred to in his index. From the beginning of the book until after the Armistice I can find in the text or footnotes no allusion to a diary or journal of any sort; none of the documents quoted up to this point are noted as taken from such a source. Toward the end of the volume I missed a footnote explaining that Bliss *began* a diary when appointed to the Peace Commission. The author does not appear to have found this a very important source: entries from it appear on about 15 pages in a 465-page volume. My error seems rather less misleading than the author's vehement correction. He notes that for the period of the Peace Conference "Few memoranda to the President appear in Bliss's papers. . . . Bliss saw the President only five times in a personal interview during the whole Conference." The analogy to Madison's Journal seems not quite perfect.

2. The review did *not* throw out suspicion of Bliss's having yielded to "the wiles of the French and the British," but on the contrary blamed the author for refuting so lamely a charge made long ago in print. This "suspicion" did not arise from back-stairs staff gossip but from the published war memoirs of General Dawes and General Harbord. Col. Palmer quotes Bliss's own comment on Dawes's "unwarranted assertions" but avoids any reference to the well-known passage in which Harbord disclosed the attitude of G.H.Q. to Bliss,—soon after his arrival in France.

> The future is pregnant with possibilities with General Bliss participating in the Supreme Council. Confined to that alone he would be comparatively harmless, for its deliberations seem a little wild, and it is generally referred to over here as the Soviet. . . . The situation is extremely interesting but it offers possibilities that have caused me more worry than the anticipated German offensive.
>
> General Bliss apparently was so moved by the *entente* with our English friends that he completely embraced their view on the matter of the American troops to be brought over . . . Bliss reached Paris with his mind made up and prepared to line up with the British chorus, leaving Pershing to sing a solo.

These pages in a widely read book were the basis of a generally accepted idea, which, as far as I know, was never corrected publicly. Later on I heard General Bliss state the case in his own words, and gradually came to the opinion that, while made in perfect good faith, General Harbord's statement was nevertheless unfair and misleading. As I understand the matter Bliss's action was in every way creditable and straightforward. I think that by tackling squarely Harbord's comments and stating the essential facts of the case, Col. Palmer would have effectively cleared Bliss's record of the only charge made against it.

This point illustrates fairly well the general issue. The clashes and disagreements between various war-time figures are not scandals to be suppressed—or to be exploited. They arose from the general jangle of the business of war, and it is the biographer's duty to set forth and explain, rather than to pass gracefully over, such difficulties. The English war biographies to which Col. Palmer appeals do not flinch from entering into facts even at the risk of controversy; and as a result they receive "broad and deep attention." Surfeited with meaningless eulogies, our own public tends to lose interest in the subject.

T. H. THOMAS.

Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Benét and the Grand Manner

SIR:—I call upon the justice of your public forum to claim a clear technical foul from your Mr. Benét in his notice of my poetry anthology, "Modern Things," Dec. 29th.

Mr. Benét may know what he likes but the matter ends there. He feels that his reaction to the poets included (among whom are Pound, Eliot, Cummings, Williams, and Marianne Moore) justifies his dismissing most of them without so much as giving a single concrete objection which has the remotest resemblance to a *technique* of criticism. He wails: "Life, guts, and gusto; color, music, fire. . . . Don't expect them any more, my friends."

These mono- and duosyllabic nouns imply, according to their categoric intonation, a hierarchic majesty which relates to nothing real in the present domain of art or emotion. They prevail, I hazard, through the official courtesy of the dictionary towards a one-time user, Mr. Benét.

What lies in Mr. Benét's heart seems to be a thwarted love for the Grand Manner in literature. There is no Grand Manner operating in literature today save in Mr. Pound's work, which Mr. Benét finds *boring*. Mr. Benét's chauvinism is therefore dishonorable and stupid. Marx can teach us that it is the most trivial of romantic fallacies to believe, as it seems most likely Mr. Benét believes, that poetry exists *in vacuo;* that it is an immutable wealth, like ore or diamonds lying in the air rather than in the earth and waiting patiently as time passes to be mined by the next surprise genius . . . Hart Crane's "The Bridge" is an actual proof that it is impossible, as yet, to apply the grand manner to the surface patterns of American culture, a fact which was competently demonstrated by some half-a-dozen reviewers. Yet "The Bridge" ostensibly has "gusto, fire, music, etc." Mr. Benét knows these qualities not as of poetic objects but as abstracted romantic entities. Thus, if they only exist, legitimately, in Mr. Benét's head and in the dictionary, what good are they, whom do they afford consolation, and were they worth the ink spent on them by *The Saturday Review*? . . . It is possible, of course, to wonder if Mr. Benét, although he invites his friends not to look for the said qualities in poetry, is personally satisfied with the repetitious feminine *music* of Miss Millay and the snug regional *color* of Mr. Frost.

New York City. PARKER TYLER.

Sam Ward

SIR:—May I ask through your columns the following courtesy:

I am preparing material for a memoir of my uncle Sam Ward (1814-1884), oldest brother of my mother, Julia Ward Howe. I should welcome the opportunity to see any letters of his, or documents bearing on his life; would take great care of such documents, returning them safely when I have finished with them, by the copying of serviceable passages.

Samuel Ward was born in New York, lived there for the greater part of his life, some of which however was spent in Paris and Heidelberg; England and Rome; South America and California. He is the Sam Ward who was known as The King of the Lobby, famous for his dinners and his wit.

His younger brother Marion, "Manny," spent much time in New Orleans and in St. Louis in the 1840's.

Any data will be deeply appreciated.

MAUD HOWE (MRS. JOHN ELLIOTT).
150 Rhode Island Avenue,
Newport, Rhode Island.

George Francis Train

SIR:—I am working on the biography of George Francis Train, and I shall appreciate hearing from any of your readers.

JAMES E. MYERS.
Amity Court,
133 West 3rd Street,
New York City.

A Correction

SIR:—On the editorial page of a recent issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* is a letter from Professor Carl J. Weber of this College. The address of the college is misprinted. It it not Waterdale, but Waterville.

J. S. IBBOTSON, *Librarian.*
Waterville, Maine.

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC GAME. By DREW PEARSON and CONSTANTINE BROWN. *Doubleday, Doran.* Recent episodes of international history.

A HOUSE DIVIDED. By PEARL S. BUCK. *Day.* The concluding volume of "The Good Earth" trilogy.

EXPRESSIONISM IN ART. By SHELDON CHENEY. *Liveright.* An interpretation of twentieth century expressionism.

This Less Recent Book:

THE STRICKEN DEER. By LORD DAVID CECIL. *Bobbs-Merrill.* A biography of Cowper.

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Where Credit Is Due

JOHN BROWN: Terrible "Saint." By David Karsner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY

JOHN BROWN'S body has lain a-mouldering in the grave for seventy-five years. The first serious attempt at objectivity in a biography of the old warrior was made by Oswald Garrison Villard, whose study appeared in 1911. Prodigal of time, energy, and expense, he sought to collect every scrap of evidence which might contribute to a history and understanding of his subject, and his biography became the standard life of John Brown. While his pages betray a decided sympathy for Brown, they also bear witness to his painstaking scholarship and a conscientious effort to present the whole story. He made every student of the pre-Civil War field his debtor, and no biographer of Brown can avoid drawing upon his storehouse of information. While Mr. Karsner's book is

JOHN BROWN, ALIAS ISAAC SMITH
He grew a beard as a disguise when he led his raiders on Harpers Ferry.

undocumented, except for occasional references to his sources in the text, it is apparent that he is very heavily obligated.

The publishers of his book assert that there has been no biography of Brown "in a quarter of a century," that "Mr. Karsner's book comes now in view of certain letters of his that have recently come to light," that "the research which Mr. Karsner has given to the mass of true and false testimony in regard to him is enormous," and that "the book can safely be called definitive."

Since 1911 at least two other biographies of John Brown have come from the press: one by Hill Peebles Wilson in 1918, which was in the nature of a reply to Villard's sympathetic interpretation; another by Robert Penn Warren in 1929. That Mr. Karsner spent considerable time in the preparation of his book is not questioned, but that there is new material of any consequence in his volume is not borne out by a study of his pages. There is exceedingly little data that is not to be found in Villard's biography or in other books on Brown and his time. At least three-fourths of all his quotations, from letters, documents, books, magazines, and newspapers, are printed, and in more reliable form, in Villard's book. Almost every quotation in his last four chapters is to be found in Villard's concluding chapters, and his narrative of the last months of Brown's life so closely parallels that of the earlier book as to amount, in the judgment of this reviewer, to little more than a summarizing of Villard's detailed account.

The book is in no sense definitive. It is not even dependable for the serious student, for in seeking color and dramatic effect, the author appears at times to have given rein to his imagination. More serious in such a volume is the mutilation of documentary evidence. Villard assures us that wherever sources have been quoted in his book, "they have been cited *verbatrim et literatim*, the effort being to reproduce exactly spelling, capitalization, and punctuation. . . ." A comparison of Mr. Karsner's extracts with Villard's painstaking reproductions discloses that he has taken undue liberties in transcription. Spelling, capitalization, punctuation, and italics have been changed at will, and frequently portions of the quotations have been omitted without any indication of the fact being given.

Those who are not disturbed by such defects as have been mentioned will no doubt find this new biography of old John Brown very good entertainment. For friends and foes alike the story of this strange man must ever be a fascinating one: it is so full of drama, pathos, purpose, and tragedy. To the retelling of it Mr. Karsner has brought a facile pen and an engaging style.

A. Howard Meneely is a member of the department of history of Dartmouth College.

Grandchildren of the Good Earth

(*Continued from first page*)

but it focuses the dreaming mind and anchors it to some ledge in the sea of memory. This latest book has to do with articulate, sterile people; the dreaming flow is stopped. One sees no longer the magic formula, "Well, and if. . . ."

For there are wastrels in the third generation. That exquisite flower sprung from her grandfather's wealth, Ai-lan, to whom motherhood is a tiresome interruption to her gaieties, who refuses to nurse even her first-born son lest her lovely body lose its virginal contours—Ai-lan is a long way from her heavy, fruitful grandmother O-lan, whose milk was so abundant that her greedy sons could not take it all, and it soaked back into the good earth of the fields where she labored with her husband. That fine dilettante, the poet Sheng, seems hardly kin to his earth-stained grandfather Wang Lung, who established in his fields the fortune on which Sheng lives far from the land, in cities of whose existence Wang Lung was unaware. These are flowers on the far tip of that tree the good earth nourished. They will wither and drop off in their time. But pushing up, dogged and unnoticed, from the same earth, comes that shelf-toothed peasant who bought the land, married a cast-off slave woman of the great family Wang, and, like the old Wang Lung, took his family south to beg in a year of famine rather than let his sons' inheritance of good earth get into the hands of Wang the Merchant.

There is hope from Yuan, the sensitive lad, who hankers for the soil against his war-lord father's military training. But book-learning and protected living have confused Yuan; he shrinks from ugly smells and sights; he cannot sink into the earth in animal content as could his grandfather. As Mei-ling says:

> It is better for such people as we are to live in the new city. . . . I want to work there—perhaps I'll make a hospital there some day—add my life to its new life. We belong there, we new ones.

There is hope from Mei-ling, too, a foundling girl whom Ai-lan's mother had adopted to give the education that Ai-lan's shallow nature could not take. Mei-ling is to be a doctor. For the war-lord's First Wife, the Learned One, has understood what neither her husband nor his father, brooding over the revolt of their sons, could learn—that even the child of its parent's body has its own dissimilar life and cannot be forced into its parent's mold. The First Wife had purposed learning and service for her only child; the child preferred to be ornamental, only. So her mother brings up twenty foundling girl babies, and among them finds one, Mei-ling, who can accept eagerly and use the education her own child has rejected. It is a thought a long time coming: that not through our own nation alone, not through our blood children alone, can our good purpose for future generations be served.

Maude Meagher is the author of "White Jade," a charming tale with China for background.

The forthcoming "History of *The Times*" will be, according to the *London Observer*, "A great event in journalism, for its story since Number 1 of the *Daily Universal Register* covers six generations of modern life."

Dogged Hammering at Human Emotions

WE ARE BETRAYED. By Vardis Fisher. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE principal characteristics of Mr. Fisher's work are by now fairly well known. The two books which form a trilogy with this one were certainly not distinguished for their subtlety, but they gained attention by a sheer dogged hammering at the emotions. "We Are Betrayed" finds Mr. Fisher still inexorably determined to move the reader at all costs with his painstaking account of Vridar Hunter's blundering attempts to learn how to live. The author's high blood-pressured prose, in fact, seems even more apt in this book to fall into complete apoplexy at any moment than it did in the earlier stages of Vridar's lugubrious saga. In addition, while "In Tragic Life" and its successor contained occasional descriptive interludes which might almost be called pleasant in tone, the new novel boasts no such breathing spaces between Mr. Fisher's innumerable powerful scenes of tragedy. At least, he cannot be accused of undue partiality for his characters, since Vridar and his wife Neola are throughout treated unbelievably badly by fate and the author.

"We Are Betrayed," then, is like its predecessors, only more so. The narrative is somewhat less convincing, possibly because Vridar as a grown man does very much the same sort of things which he did as a child, and what was credible and interesting in the child becomes grotesque and unlikely in the man. There are two main themes in the book: Vridar's superstitious desire to gain more "book learning" as a kind of charm against the difficulties of life, and his jealousy of his wife. There is a vast amount of space devoted to his rather dull reactions to his college courses, and similarly until the book ends with Neola's suicide, there are endless repetitions of his quarrels with her, each of course being followed by the inevitable reconciliation. All this tends to make Mr. Fisher's new book less exciting than the rest of his trilogy, though it is equally packed with passionate feeling and violent hatred, both directed indiscriminately at any convenient objective.

While there is much of the familiar power in "We Are Betrayed," therefore, there is also even more of the intellectual disorder and uncouth heaviness of manner which disfigured Mr. Fisher's earlier attempts to apply the methods of Zola and Dostoievsky to the American scene. Yet these things do not seem to be fatal weaknesses, nor does the abundance of often unnecessarily sordid and petty detail, which at this late date may be dismissed as merely a part of the realistic novelist's ritual. More serious, and more difficult to overcome, is the author's tendency to write about peculiarly maladjusted and backward personalities, not always characteristic of their environment. If this trilogy fails to attain the high tragic quality at which it so notably aims, it is largely because it is concerned with persons of seriously limited social significance. Vridar, brought up under heartbreaking conditions, is endowed only with a great desire for the "finer things of life" but has no vaguest conception of what they are, nor of how to attain them. He remains, at the end of the trilogy, more Caliban than representative American—a freak whose mental age is stationary. Finally, the author's obvious striving for effect in his climaxes is absurdly exaggerated. Anyone gifted with such natural vigor and force as Mr. Fisher undoubtedly possesses, should in time be able to mold American life into far more genuine and moving fictional shapes. Eventually, with discipline and the avoidance of emotional tricks, a very considerable novelist may result.

Gauchos of the Pampa

DON SEGUNDO SOMBRA. Translated from the Spanish of Ricardo Güiraldes by Harriet De Onís. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

IN Argentina, everything, so to say, goes back to the pampa. It is this vast, level, fertile, easily accessible plain, all in the temperate zone, the only thing of the sort between our own prairies and Cape Horn, which has determined the character of the nation's life. Beef and wheat and a rising export market—which now, perhaps, has passed its peak—built the great cosmopolitan city of Buenos Aires, and the link between its sophisticated and showy life and the latter's economic source is felt as in perhaps no other nation's capital.

There is neither coal nor iron in the Argentine. Manufactures are comparatively trifling. The great fortunes, the outstanding families, are the pampa's flowering, if not even now directly connected with it. The gaucho, the Argentine cowboy, not unnaturally, therefore, plays a symbolic as well as factual role in Argentine thought and life similar to that played, until very recently at least, in our own life and thought by the pioneer. Elegant Porteños are still flattered to be told that beneath their elegance they still retain the gaucho's independence, his toughness, humor, love of wide spaces and free air, and unwillingness to be shut up within four walls.

Don Segundo Sombra, the real hero of Ricardo Güiraldes's novel, although its actual protagonist and narrator is the young gaucho who worships the older man, is an embodiment of the gaucho virtues—tough as rawhide, calm, poised, wise, equal to any emergency, knowing everything about horses and cattle, and although giving everything that's in him to the job in hand, whatever he may have engaged to do, always cutting loose from routine once the job is finished and going back to the pampa again as an old salt returns to the open sea.

Drawing by Howard Willard, from "Don Segundo Sombra."

Mr. Waldo Frank, who writes an introduction, suggests that the novel holds a place in Argentine letters similar to that of "Huckleberry Finn" in ours, a suggestion with which the reader may or may not agree. The narrator, in any case, is a boy who runs away from home to be a gaucho, and attaching himself to Don Segundo Sombra, goes through a series of adventures which give the reader a pretty complete notion of bronco-busting and cattle-driving in the Argentine.

Ricardo Güiraldes himself came of a ranch-owning family. This novel, published the year before his death, is a picture, simply and eloquently painted, of the gaucho's life and characteristics, with Don Segundo Sombra's heroic outlines rising in the background, a sort of mystical shadow thrown on the pampa sky.

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The Liberal Philosophy of Life

CREATIVE SCEPTICS: In Defense of the Liberal Temper. By T. V. Smith. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

FUN and philosophy do not often go together. We ordinarily think of philosophers as concentrated on knowing the unknowable or unscrewing the inscrutable, and, if ever concerned with earthly matters, as falling into wells while gazing at the stars, or as bearing the toothache impatiently. No such gloomy intensity pervades Professor Smith's book. The fun of writing it, he says, was great, and there is plenty of amusement in reading it.

Since each mind is bottled up in itself, how do they ever communicate with each other? Why are they not, like scattered planets, hopelessly separated by a space which is surely impassable and perhaps completely empty? For instance, Mr. Smith tells us that he has now reduced the very book we are reading to a bundle of mental qualities. Are these qualities in his mind, or my mind, or in both? If the ideas in the book are the same to him and to me, then there seems to be something outside us after all which we can know, namely, the minds of others. Or must we assume that there is no assured probability of similarity between what goes on in his head and what goes on in mine? At least he and I would agree in calling the same trolley car yellow, but is there a big chance that the color he sees is what I would call blue?

Having started this doubting about the true nature of things, the author does not stop with metaphysics but insists here and throughout his book on the importance of the sceptical attitude in human relations. "Much of the misery that men inflict upon one another is in the name of and because of their feeling so certain that they know things and that the other fellow does not." The time has definitely passed when we could assume that philosophy was something apart from practical affairs. The most unpopular of metaphysicians, Hegel, is the forerunner of both Marx and Mussolini.

The author considers six heroes of scepticism, of whom four are dead, Descartes, Spinoza, Hume, and Schopenhauer, and two, Professor William Pepperell Montague of Columbia and Justice Holmes, are very much alive. Instead of the technical analysis of the systematic thought of each philosopher, Mr. Smith tells us what he was like as a human being and presents his doubts and his answers to them as this thinker's method of adjusting himself satisfactorily to the life he had to live. With Descartes we hear something about his famous proposition, "I think, therefore I am," but more about the resolutions which he adopted for his methods of thinking and for his practical life while he was conducting his revolutionary investigations. After discussing Spinoza's theory of God and nature, the author takes up Spinoza's other book, the "Treatise on Theology and Politics," which is often ignored. He shows how Spinoza's political philosophy of the supremacy of the state was due to his desire to lessen the power of the clergy, and contrasts with this absolutism his insistence on free thought and speech. "The state has no suppressive right in abridging such freedom, because it has no power to practise freedom save through free individuals."

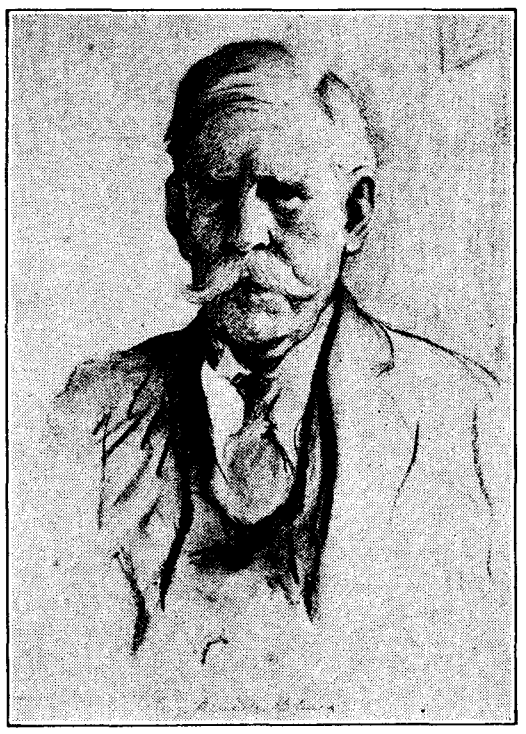
> Himself indeed Spinoza saved, but us he could not and cannot save. . . . A man may or may not live with other men, every man must live with himself. Spinoza discovered how to live uncomplainingly with himself.

Of the two living thinkers chosen Montague is much the less familiar, and this book will send many to read him. An age which votes heavy majorities in favor of more horse racing, with the novelty of dog racing thrown in, ought to welcome a man who is willing to take a sporting chance on God and immortality. At the same time, the reviewer regrets that a chapter on William James was not included, because the materials for recording his personality are so much more abundant. In comparison with Descartes, Spinoza, and Hume, although they are long dead, the living Professor Montague seems rather shadowy.

There is, however, nothing ghost-like about Justice Holmes in the full-length portrait which Mr. Smith gives us. Especially interesting is his view of Holmes's early character, and his opinion that Holmes might have ended in either intellectual frivolity or in complete and paralyzing doubt if it had not been for the hardening experience of the Civil War. Possibly so, yet it seems true of war as of most else, that to bring back the wealth of the Indies you must take the wealth of the Indies with you. Holmes got more good out of war than most soldiers, because he went into it more of a man. After all, the same strength of character has been displayed by some of his generation who never saw a battle, for example, by Grover Cleveland, who hired a substitute. Perhaps this strength of those brought up in the eighteen-forties and eighteen-fifties was tested by the discomforts and responsibilities of everyday life, and not just by campaigns. Some of Holmes's statements about war were very fitting in his funeral orations on his old comrades in the Twentieth Massachusetts, but when Mr. Smith tears them out of their context and gives them to us en masse, they take on a false tone. "This also is part of the soldier's faith; having known great things, to be content with silence." "In the great democracy of self-devotion private and general stand side by side." Compare the memories of another soldier—

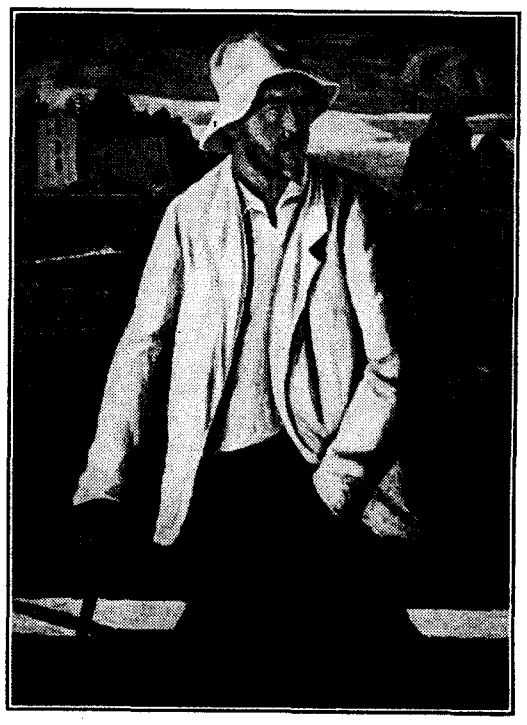
> If I were fierce, and bald, and short of breath
> I'd live with scarlet Major at the Base,
> And speed glum heroes up the line to death.

Language about the "divine message" of war and "man's destiny is battle" recalls Theodore Roosevelt's complacent assurances that war eliminates the unfit and lets only the strong survive. Suppose some Confederate youngster at Ball's Bluff had held his rifle a fraction of an inch lower—courage and poetry had nothing to do with that—but if he had, all the previous character development of Captain Holmes would not have compensated the country for the loss of "The Common Law" and Noble State Bank *vs.* Haskell and the dissenting opinion in Abrams *vs.* United States.



JUSTICE HOLMES
Drawing by S. J. Woolf, from "Drawn from Life."

In another way this portrait is unsatisfactory. Holmes, unlike the five other thinkers whom the author describes, is not primarily a philosopher. The main business of his life has been law, and the thoughts expressed by him under the grave responsibility of judicial decision are as important to the understanding of his mind as the essays and speeches of his more leisurely hours. The consequence of this partial use of the materials is that Justice Holmes stands before us in the book a bit bumptious and over-enthusiastic, which is a pity. His great contribution to freedom of speech in the Abrams dissent is rightly emphasized. For that we can never be over-grateful. At the same time, one may question whether the author has not exaggerated the confidence of Justice Holmes in democracy. His judicial tolerance of legislation rests less on the belief that legislatures are usually right than on the doubt whether courts might not be equally foolish. Mr. Smith is right in holding forth Justice Holmes as a great teacher of tolerance, but is on less solid ground when he praises him as "preëminently a democrat" and calls him one of the immortals of the democratic form of government. Holmes has more in common with Hume than with Lincoln or John Bright.



EZRA POUND
Portrait by Rolando Monti

The concluding chapter, "The Upshot of Scepticism," argues that death is the only escape from doubt, and cautions us against certain easy but false escapes which are popularly urged today. First, the Illusion of the Blood conceives the particular nation to which individuals happen to belong as a chosen people and calls upon these individuals to think with their blood and to act in the name of blood "against somebody, anybody; whoever happens to be at hand will do." This illusion is not restricted to Germany and Italy. The recent attempts to revive the Ku Klux Klan under various names show how this country may also succumb. "Modern Paul Reveres, grown pudgy with time and prosperity, may hear the Call of the Blood and ride to the death, rather than to the rebirth, of a nation. Blood is no substitute for brains." Second, the Illusion of Simplicity holds forth the hope that the baffling complexity of the present may somehow be avoided by flight to the supposedly simple past, for instance, to authoritative religion or to the classics as the main source of education. Third, the Illusion of Certainty seeks self-evident truths, whereas for the author nothing of the kind exists. "No disputant has ever been convinced of a point by another's declaration of its self-evidence." None of these illusions can rescue us from bewilderment. But doubt can create compensations for uncertainty. For some, such compensation may be found in the patient investigation of the scientist, ever sensitive to the danger of prematurity in the pursuit of knowledge, and, like Pasteur, "only permitting himself to proclaim his discovery when all the adverse hypotheses have been exhausted." For other and less gifted men, compensation must be found in the supreme virtue of tolerance, less safely established today than it seemed fifteen years ago. "Scepticism is not only the great antiseptic for the wounds of the spirit; it is the only known guarantor of modesty enough to make society possible without constant suppression."

Enough has been said to show Professor Smith's success in bringing philosophy down from the clouds to earth. Any reader who is looking for some book that will introduce him to philosophical problems cannot do better than begin with this.

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Mr. Pound and the Broken Tradition

A B C OF READING. By Ezra Pound. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1934. $2.

ELEVEN NEW CANTOS. By Ezra Pound. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CROWE RANSOM

THE new Cantos of Mr. Pound's, XXXI to XLI, are very much like the others. If there is a difference, it is that the new ones have gone a little further still from any accepted tradition of what poetry is; direr, as if a little wearier, yet more resolute than the old ones. Evidently it is hard to sustain the role of poet nowadays, even of modernist poet. But the father of modernism is still, substantially, himself. Perhaps it should be added quickly, for the benefit of unbelievers, that he is not exactly a mountebank.

As for the tradition, it may look as if modernist poets cared nothing about that, but so far as Mr. Pound is concerned this is not so; and to prove it here is his "A B C of Reading." Few scholars know so well the many collateral forms of European poetry, and the parent tree from which they have stemmed. For what purpose then does he exhibit this literature to possible readers? Not for mockery. His writing about poetry is smart and journalistic, rather in the manner of an Elbert Hubbard, but his readers should guard against error by repeating to themselves: His receptivity is acute, and his attitude toward the tradition is piety.

As a reader, orthodox; as a poet, revolutionary. It is a great paradox. Why should Mr. Pound divide himself like this? Is it not painful? I should think it is painful, but I should think also that it is not peculiar to Mr. Pound but is, after Mr. Pound, characteristic of our generation. I have in mind the same sort of ambivalence in certain other living poet-critics, such as Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Allen Tate. Few poets define their critical position so accurately as these, and fewer novelists; but I imagine it is a common thing in our time for the creative artist, steeped in the past, to feel wretchedly obliged to turn his back upon it; and I judge that this occurs as a general phenomenon for the first time in history. The explanation would be difficult and long, and it would not make a pretty story, for it would show the Eumenides visiting our generation with a new sort of vengeance. The generation does not quite understand it, just as it only half realizes the obscure crime it has committed; but at any rate it begins now to observe with alarming repetition that its most sensitive spirits seem doomed to love one thing and to perform another.

Mr. Pound may attempt, though I think unsuccessfully, to derive his modernism from the tradition. His list of recommended readings from English poets is supposed to present a continuous history, and it is very interesting. Here are the chief items: Chaucer; Gavin Douglas's translation of Virgil, and Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid, the latter twice described as the most beautiful book in English; a little of Marlowe; Shakespeare's Histories and songs; a little of Donne; the Stuart song writers; Butler, Pope, and Crabbe as authors of the satiric couplet; Landor; Browning's "Sordello"; and finally, as if borrowing from another literature where

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the English is lacking, in order to bring the history down to date, four French Symbolist poets. Now the really suspicious feature of the list is the inclusion of the Symbolist poets. Traditionalists would be inclined to reject them from the company, just as unquestionably they would reject Mr. Pound, their English successor, whose practice is anti-traditional in a much more precise and demonstrable manner. With the advent of the Symbolist poets during the last century there is a break, and the history of poetry becomes discontinuous; poetry, in the inherited sense, is about to disappear. With Mr. Pound's late Cantos it has disappeared.

As if not quite prepared to admit that the break has occurred, still trying to relate the new to the old, Mr. Pound is at pains to show how fastidiously, how exclusively, he takes his sustenance from the banquet of tradition. He appears to think that the ruling quality which makes any poetry poetic is its condensation. The poets he admires speak straight to the point, without padding and ornaments. Such a poet as Shakespeare is often at fault here, and Mr. Pound is right in saying so. But density is not the single cause of poetry. All is not poetry that is dense; this is proved in most of Mr. Pound's new Cantos, which are condensed to the point where the explicit relations and the musical phrases are squeezed out, and the solid material ingredients remaining involve the reader in a gigantic feat, not only of explication, but even of projecting out of his own mind the necessary solvent of tone, of psychic harmony.

What has really disappeared in the condensed poetry of Mr. Pound, of course, is both a certain spirit and a certain music, until the old product and the new differ not quantitatively but qualitatively. I cannot define on short notice the spirit; but as to the music, Mr. Pound, in his capacity of guide to literature, never wearies of telling us about the troubadour songs of Provence, which he reveres. He lays down the law that, the further the poem goes from its original character of song, the more dubious its estate. But what if we apply that canon to the Cantos? More or less consciously, we do apply it all the time. The result is that we find ourselves sometimes admiring in Mr. Pound's poetry an effect of brilliance, and nearly always missing the effect of poetry; that is, the effect we have loved as poetry, and the one, in fact, to which Mr. Pound the teacher of poetry has referred us.

So far as English poetry is concerned, it may come to be the common opinion, after we are gone, that Mr. Pound was the very man in whose hands the tradition broke. But perhaps it will not be argued that it broke because his loyalty to it was too weak; for his loyalty is intense. It broke because of another competing loyalty: he was responsive to the spirit of his own generation, to the spirit, perhaps we should say, of his lost generation. A new age, harder than previous ages, either above them or below them in its power of sustained inhumanity, required another poetry, and the old poetry could not be saved. That is the thesis which his honorable if bewildered career suggests.

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John Crowe Ransom, professor of English at Vanderbilt University, is the author of "God Without Thunder."

The BOWLING GREEN

XIII. Potter's Field

IF you've had a glimpse of the Andes it doesn't leave you quite the same. You can never again glance without emotion at the schedule of West Coast steamship sailings and see that long list of ports which you have unconsciously memorized by seeing them day after day on the map in *Santa Maria's* smokeroom alley. Buenaventura, Guayaquil, Talara; Salaverry, Callao, Mollendo; Arica, Tocopilla, Antofagasta; Chañaral, Coquimbo, Valparaiso. Will we some day get all the way down to Valpo? you ask yourself; and gosh, what syllables for a poet! Has no one ever written a ballade of the West Coast? And small items in the newspapers that I would otherwise never have noticed catch my eye and set me thinking. Three lines in a United Press dispatch, last October, told me that the new docks at Callao are now in service. Occasional brief allusions suggest that the Peruvian government is having its troubles. On November 30 a New York *Times* correspondent cabled (from Buenos Aires, the censorship in Lima having kept things quiet), "In Peru the government reports Federal troops have recaptured two towns held by the rebels for more than two days . . . a large force of civilians, led by Apristas, captured the towns of Ayacucho and Huancavelica." On January 7 a cable said, "Cajamarca was the scene of an abortive revolt yesterday afternoon when 100 armed peasants, headed by a local Aprista leader, captured the police station." The names of those towns have significance to anyone with even a smattering of South American history. The liberals (some people call them radicals) have a way of starting things in the regions which mean much to Peruvian patriots. Ayacucho is where the great battle was fought (in 1824) which finally broke the Spanish dominion. Cajamarca (the Caxamalca of Prescott) is remembered as the town where Pizarro seized the last of the Incas, Atahualpa, and treacherously put him to death. When I saw in the paper that a heroic statue of Pizarro was being shipped from New York to Lima, as a gift for the 400th anniversary of that city (celebrated this very week) I wondered whether Peruvians do not sometimes grow a little weary of the conquistador, whose leathery and simian mummy lies in a glass box in Lima cathedral. It's rather too like sending Chicago a statue of Dillinger or Al Capone. There's a growing tendency among Peruvian visionaries (radicals, if you prefer) to consider that Spaniards, English, Northamericans, priests, and dictators, have had four centuries of pretty good pickings, and that they themselves might now have a share in their country's colossal wealth. It's bad manners to mention such a thing, but I'm a reporter, not just an admirer of mountains. The social seismologist can feel the queerest tremors. There are whispers on dark street-corners, flashes of the eye in conversation, and more bayonets around Lima than I like to see in a city comfortably sure of itself. Perhaps the government would be wise to err a bit on the liberal or lenient side.

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Someone had been passing round a book, I forget by whom, which said we must be sure to visit the ruins of Chan-Chan, near Salaverry. The enthusiast who wants to see everything was not lacking; the usual delegations waited upon the skipper. "Oh, Captain, will we have time to see the ruins?" It struck me that the prudent skipper was not encouraging. Officers of the steamship company are not keen on passengers going ashore at Salaverry; and after helping to transship women and children from a launch (leaping up and down in the swell) to the iron pier, I don't wonder. Some day some ruin-hunter won't time his leap exactly enough and lose a leg between the gunwale and the dock. I remember a steamship agent in Lima grinding his teeth when he was informed that a cruise-ship was on her way down the coast with 300 Californian tourists, and that some merry agent in Los Angeles had promised them the ruins of Chan-Chan. So let me help out the much harassed steamship office by advising you against it. Of course the children think it's grand fun to take a flying leap onto a slippery iron grating just as the launch soars up level with the ladder; but I assure you that paterfamilias, though reproached for being a crab, was relieved when the excursion was over.

But *Santa Maria* was at anchor for several hours; the ship's basketball team were going ashore to play the local outfit (all South America is quite mad about basketball); and not even the skipper's tactful reluctance could dissuade our zeal. The Lady Who Intends To See Everything, and the retired banker from Ohio who was preparing a lecture on the Incas for his "service clubs," were irresistible. Even the large wistful Topside Lady had emerged from her chair on the boat deck, put on her winter furs and was ready for excitement. She got it, poor dear. As we wallowed toward shore, past rows of solemn guano birds sitting on anchored lighters, all was expectation. Then we saw the landing that had to be made. The gallant little Chilean with a blue beret and I tried our best to heave her from the plunging launch to the high ladder. Each time, as she rose to the proper level, she blanched, her large plush eyes gazed inexpressible languors of nauseated alarm, and she sank back massively impotent upon the cabin roof. The cheerful mestizos of Salaverry, to whom this is evidently a frequent and favored entertainment, stood in a crowd on the pier above, gauging the chances of some amusing disaster to the gringa. Finally a kind of bucket-chair was lowered, and our friend was hoisted by a winch.

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We drove toward Trujillo. Good Mr. H. was with us in the car, sitting beside the driver. We were glad, because Mr. H. speaks fluent Spanish; but I think it greatly increased our perils. For seeing the word APRA scrawled frequently I asked about it, and Mr. H. amplified the question. This started our guide on furious conversation: he took both hands off the wheel to talk with and fastened Mr. H. with glittering gaze. Proceeding so we roared at furious pace along narrow sandy roads lined with mud walls and adobe huts, a region dusty, sombre and slattern, cold gray surf on our left, brown barren hills on our right. Burros were everywhere, carrying great packs and riders as well; most of the riders were women, bundles of black cloth squatted on top of the load and surmounted by Panama hats. These, and dogs and children, we just somehow missed. In the neighborhood of Trujillo *Apra* is a fighting word. It stands for Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana, whose supporters in Trujillo revolted in 1932 against the government and were most savagely suppressed. You will hear much both pro and con about the Apristas: it struck me as interesting that their leader Haya de la Torre (little pottery busts of whom are on sale in the market in Lima) bears one of the oldest Spanish names in Peru. Among the original 13 who stepped forward when Pizarro drew a line on the beach and called for volunteers was Juan de la Torre.

HOISTED ASHORE, SALAVERRY

Trujillo—which Pizarro named for his own birthplace in Spain—is a town one would have liked to explore more carefully. It is not likely to reveal its truth, whether economic or social, to a brief visitor in the pause of noonday siesta. It has evidently been the home of ancient wealth: the great houses built round pillared patios have mural frescoes in the courtyards, beautiful doorways and old ironwork. Down a long vista of cobbled street, where the walls were bright with chalky pastel colors, soldiers marched. There is the usual Plaza de Armas, with palm trees, a yellow cathedral, and some sort of gross monument of symbolic statuary and gilt. I think it represented the Republic, but it was dreadful even from far and we did not approach.

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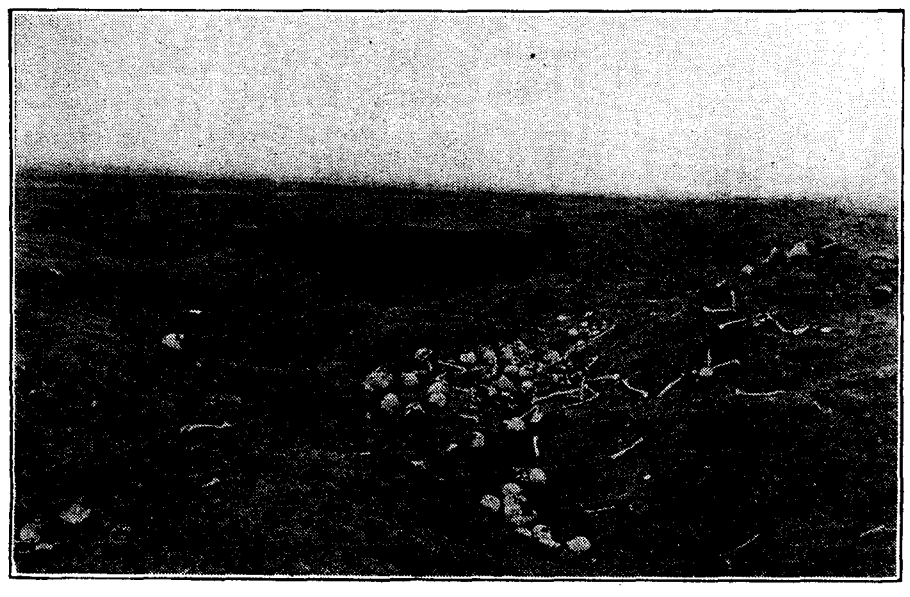
The wreckage of Chan-Chan, a pre-Inca city, is not far away. It is a wilderness of rubbish, acres of adobe rubble: great walls of mud-brick, roofless quadrangles, doorways, tunnels, crumbled mounds. There are scraps of skulls and bones, and broken pottery. It's a potter's field in more than one sense, for the Apra rebels were brought out here and shot down; of the bones lying around it is hard to know whether they are the Apristas of 1932 or the ancient Chimus who were conquered by the Incas seven hundred years ago. Scrawled on a little wooden cross above a shallow trench is the legend *Fusillados sin sentencia.* High in the pale noon buzzards are floating. As we climbed about this broken metropolis of baked mud, trying to visualize the unknowable, our guide kept saying something about *avispas.* I thought at first that these were another kind of *apristas,* but learned just in time he was warning us against the wasps who nest thickly in the chinks. They hover angrily as you grope among the old walls, like the ghosts of the vanished Chimus.

Anxieties were not over yet. The fool writer of that picturesque book said it was a grand thing to drive back to Salaverry along the beach, and we had believed it. For some reason or other it had to be done at breakneck speed and with enormous swerves to avoid great creaming waves that hissed toward us. Occasionally we skidded merrily on gluey patches, or took sudden zigzags that made the entrails yawn. I asked Mr. H. to suggest to the driver that we were not in a hurry. Some Spanish ensued; and Mr. H. remarked calmly: He says if we don't go fast we'll get stuck in a quicksand. Being a parent is bad for one's nerve.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



CHIMU BURIAL PITS, CHAN-CHAN

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High Adventure

SAILS OVER ICE. By Captain "Bob" Bartlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by JEANNETTE MIRSKY

THIS is primarily a love story, the love of Captain "Bob" Bartlett for his own schooner the *Effie M. Morrissey*. It is a tale of high adventure in the North Atlantic and the North Pacific; the tale of a gallant skipper and a gallant ship. Those who know the Arctic know Captain "Bob." He was Peary's skipper; he is, perhaps, the greatest Arctic navigator alive. And a grand story teller. This is no ordinary book, because Bartlett is no ordinary man. He is of the race of giants, and he has the gift of imparting to his words all of his own vivid personality. The book lacks only the boom and the brogue of his voice.

Born of a long line of seafaring folk, Bartlett followed the sea all his life. But "Sails Over Ice" is not an autobiography, since "Bob" Bartlett shares his yarn with his beloved *Morrissey*.

Since he bought her in 1924, through the generosity of the late Commodore James B. Ford, Bartlett and she have survived many a wild moment. They have sailed along the forbidding Labrador Coast, tilted with the ice of northern Greenland, dared the uncharted waterways north of Hudson Bay. Bering Strait, Iceland, East Greenland; each trip has had a different purpose, from codfishing to archeological investigation.

Many times the *Morrissey* was in a tight pinch; many times it was touch and go whether she was to take the plunge to Davy Jones' locker, or bring Bartlett safely back to his home in Brigus, Newfoundland. Of one voyage he writes: "Incidentally, we had a damned fine sail, and established a new precedent . . . by never once even so much as threatening to lose our little schooner and ourselves along with it. God, sir, that's sort of a record."

Captain "Bob" and the *Morrissey* were in Foxe Channel, in a "super-fog, so thick you could bite chunks out of it . . . We were lost, all right . . . Then our keel bumped a couple of times. That was enough for me. I anchored right away and sent up a prayer to all the gods I could think of that it was low water. The rise and fall of the tide up here was about forty feet." They had grounded at about half-tide and were on for fair. "You could walk around the *Morrissey* and not wet your feet." They waited for the flood tide. They never saw it come until it hit them.

> It was a solid wall of water, dead black beneath the foam and spray. Six feet high it was, if it was an inch, and it might have been more than that . . . The force of that tide snapped the five-inch kedge line as though it were a thread . . . And that damned fog shut us in so that we couldn't see a thing . . . As soon as we had decided that the anchor would hold, we found that the tide had another trick up its sleeve. It brought the ice in with it, growlers and floes. And, my dear man, ice floes the size of a city block moving at a speed of seven knots are dangerous playthings . . . To tell the truth, I'm free to admit I wouldn't have given a torn spinnaker for our chances of coming through when those Arctic subway expresses were roaring down on us out of the black fog.

At the end of "Sails Over Ice" Bartlett writes of the *Morrissey:*

> I love her as a man can love his vessel, and if she is not as young as she was once, neither am I. Together we have much to do in the North yet, and I know that neither of us feel old. And I pray that we may be able to do it together.

Yes, and may "Bob" Bartlett write more books to stir us with grand adventures.

* *

Jeannette Mirsky is author of "To the North," a history of Arctic exploration recently published.

Maryland Cases

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MARYLAND COURT OF APPEALS, 1695-1725. *Edited by Carroll T. Bond with the collaboration of Richard B. Morris. Washington, D. C.: The American Historical Association.* $7.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES M. ANDREWS

IT has long been recognized, by students of American history and by historically minded members of the legal profession, that in the preservation and printing of historical texts relating to our colonial and national past too little attention has been paid to the material embodying the procedure and practice of the courts of law. While records of county courts have found consideration, notably in Maine and Massachusetts, largely because of their importance for the social and economic aspects of colonial life, those of the higher common-law courts, and the courts of vice-admiralty, chancery, and exchequer have been ignored, except in the case of occasional papers and monographs, inevitably incomplete and limited in range.

This neglect of important primary sources for the better understanding of our history has been in the last few years a matter of concern to many of our scholars. When, therefore, an opportunity arose, through the gift to the American Historical Association, by Mrs. Frank T. Griswold of Radnor, Pennsylvania, of a sum of money to be known as the Griswold-Littleton Fund, under which a series of volumes containing the records of colonial and national courts of law might be issued, a conference was held in New York in January, 1930, for the purpose of launching the undertaking. Through the activities of a committee, appointed by the Association, on the recommendation of the conference, to take immediate charge of the enterprise, there has now appeared the first volume of "American Legal Records," a handsomely printed work of 673 pages, containing the full text of the Maryland Court of Appeals from 1695 to 1725. This volume deals with "the work, two hundred years ago, of a fully developed tribunal applying the law of England, but adapting that law to the needs of a new environment." Two other volumes are in preparation, one to contain the records of the mayor's court of New York, the other the records of the vice-admiralty court in Rhode Island before the Revolution. Additional volumes are under consideration.

This is not the place to enter upon an analysis of the contents of the volume, which must be left to the more technical journals. Suffice it to call attention to the scholarly and illminating introduction by Judge Bond, in which the significant features of the text are brought out in a manner readily grasped by the layman.

The New Books

Fiction

TENDER CHEEKS. By Wolfe Kaufman. Covici-Friede. 1934. $2.50.

Ralph was not his real name, but he could not remember the "I" that he might once have been, so Ralph was as good a name as any. He was a bum, born that way. He knew he was lazy so he never thought about "hard times" or relief bureaus. Now and then he thought he would go around to the agencies some day and get a job, but he was used to flop houses and subways, and you could make twenty cents in an hour or two panhandling on Times Square. Willard was a soda-jerker, ex-school-teacher and would-be actor. He got in the habit of picking up boys in front of the automat because he was tired of eating his half an apple alone every night before going to bed. His laziness was worse than Ralph's because he fooled himself. He had what he called "hopes" or "prospects." He became a school-teacher again out of loneliness for his dead father, but he still hung around Broadway. It was better that way. You had not quite gone back on yourself. You could still remember the "ideal."

This is a story without a hero, and perhaps it is no tragedy, in the classic sense. It does not inspire fear or pity. It contains no climax or promise of regeneration. The characters exist on a level so anonymous that it seems almost to exclude emotion. Yet, partly by violence of understatement, the book startles. With brutal care the author has shown human beings sniveling before the dark god of their own aimlessness. His method is an artful imitation of the characters' cryptic unconcern.

E. C.

HOW LIKE AN ANGEL. By A. G. Macdonell. Macmillan. 1934. $2.

A mixture of farce and satire is like a combination of orange and magenta. It may work, but the chances are against it. Mr. Macdonell was an accomplished satirist of national manners and character in "England, Their England"; in his new novel, he takes on Western civilization, but the result is mostly shadow-boxing. He contrives to look at Europe and America through the eyes of Hugo Bechstein Smith, a youth brought up on a South Sea Island by three missionaries—French, German, and English—with whom he had survived a shipwreck at the age of two. After his rescue, and en route to civilization, Hugo is found to be indistinguishable from the husband of a certain movie actress, and is promptly kidnapped by the actress's publicity man. The resulting episodes are sometimes funnier than you might think; but the mixed-identity plot never produced very good farce, even in "A Comedy of Errors"; adding this to the reversed "Robinson Crusoe" plot, you will see that Mr. Macdonell is not leaning over backwards trying to be original. Nor are his cracks about the movies, or about the economic experts who are overcoming the depression, or about the American immigration laws or the English divorce laws, on a much higher level of invention. There are some passages, however, which would be very good if they were not struggling under the weight of the second-hand devices of farcicality; and no doubt the whole book would seem better to a reader who had never heard of "England, Their England," and could thus approach "How Like an Angel" without expecting more of it than a scenario for Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy.

G. S.

MR. FINCHLEY'S HOLIDAY. By Victor Canning. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. $2.50.

Even though Mr. Finchley was middle-aged, stout, and slightly bald, he needed only a three weeks' unconventional holiday to change him into a resourceful and roguish wayfarer of English fields and roads. His wanderings were at first involuntary, for he had intended to spend the holiday sedately, at a hotel in Margate. This was not to be, however, for before he could take the train from London, a suave scoundrel in a "low green six-litre Bentley" had snatched him off to a hide-away somewhere in the southern midlands. After the first shock and resentment had worn thin, Mr. Finchley came more and more to like the idea of an unusual holiday, and less resistant to the new way of life. The latter two-thirds of the book show him as an eager vagabond,

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
ONE WOMAN'S STORY *Mary Britnieva* (King: $2.50)	Personal narrative	Another lady's tale about what the Russian revolutionists did to her small family.	Familiar
THE SEVEN OF DIAMONDS *Max Brand* (Dodd, Mead: $2)	Western	Veteran writer of powdersmoke epics tells how young Mike Tirrel won a horse and a lot of trouble.	Red-eye
CRISS-CROSS *Don Tracy* (Vanguard: $2)	Novel	Hard-boiled tale in which the driver of an armored truck climbs to success through plot threaded with cross and double-cross. Good timekiller.	Cain-Hammett
THIRSTY RANGE *E. B. Mann* (Morrow: $2)	Western	Gun-toting Mr. Day finds himself tangled sweetly in one of those range wars.	Standard

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roaming wide-eyed through the southwestern counties—Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. The face of pleasant, rural England becomes familiar to him as the mishaps of the road take him along, and by the time he returns to his office he has gained a wide, if not deep, sympathy with his own land and with his fellow wanderers.

Readers who are content to follow a familiar pattern in a light, variegated adventure story may relish these pages. There is much superficial charm and brightness, and each chapter is wholesome down to the very last word. Through the book there passes a rapidly shifting procession of quaint or eccentric characters. But, looking more closely, we observe that the notable novels of this type—the picaresque—have a heartiness and vitality that have escaped Mr. Canning; where a better story would have moved effectively toward some high point of interest, "Mr. Finchley's Holiday" is content to admire a sunset, retail a bit of gypsy lore, or sketch a grotesque figure, remaining all the while essentially thin and treacly. To be sure, there are good chapters and amusing episodes, but they do not come often enough, or with sufficient accumulation, to make the whole a good novel.

R. B. M.

Miscellaneous

THE ROOSEVELT OMNIBUS. Edited and annotated by Don Wharton. Knopf. 1934. $3.50.

If you would like to know how old the President is, what he likes and dislikes, whom he is related to and how closely, what kind of an experience a fifteen minute conversation with him might be, this is the book that will tell you. Politics is nothing if not miscellaneous and this collection of pictures, articles, dates, and cartoons has made the most of it. The text cannot compare in incisiveness with the photographs, with the exception of a shrewd article on the "brain trust" by the editor of *Today* and of a more or less prophetic picture of the youthful State Senator, written in 1911 by W. A. Warn. Apart from the usual data of biography, there is also an account of what the President thought of the attempt to assassinate him, how foreign periodicals react to his policies, and an excellent bibliography of the hasty surveys that have already appeared. As the raw material of a growing popular legend, such as develops around every chief executive, it is interesting to every citizen, before putting up on the shelf beside Dorothy Sayers, E. Phillips Oppenheim, and O. Soglow.

R. G.

Brief Mention

Theodore G. Joslyn, who was secretary to Mr. Hoover in 1931-1933, has written *Hoover Off the Record,* to give the background of important aspects of the ex-President's official life (Doubleday, Doran, $3). * * * To the increasing number of histories of transportation in more picturesque days in the Middle West is added *From Canoe to Street Barge on the Upper Mississippi,* by Mildred L. Hartsough (University of Minnesota Press, $3.50), a historical survey from the beginning to the present. * * * Those interested will find some puzzling material in Joseph J. Williams's *Psychic Phenomena of Jamaica* (Dial Press, $2.50). The book is elaborately documented and while exposing a good deal of superstition, leaves a residuum of the supernatural. * * * A convenient manual is *Modern Thought and Literature in France* by Régis Michaud (Funk & Wagnalls, $2). * * * Two recent books on Japan are: the provocative volume by Upton Close called *Challenge: Behind the Face of Japan* (Farrar & Rinehart, $3) and *Riding the Tiger,* by Harry Carr (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), the latter a newspaper man's account of experiences in China as well as in Japan. * * * President H. Noble MacCracken of Vassar has after many years added to his final text of Lydgate in *The Minor Poems of John Lydgate,* Part II, devoted to Secular Poems (Oxford Press, $12). * * * A study of *William Vaughn Moody,* by David D. Henry, has been published by Bruce Humphries Inc. ($2.50). * * * Edward Garnett has edited a selection of *Letters from John Galsworthy,* 1900-1932 (Scribner's, $2.50). * * * An interesting and useful anthology of world opinion on the immortality of the soul has been edited by Nathaniel Edward Griffin and Lawrence Hunt, with a foreword by Alfred North Whitehead. The book is called *The Farther Shore* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), and beginning with Egypt, Homer, and authors of the Far East and the classical period runs down to Osler, Lodge, and Theodore Roosevelt.

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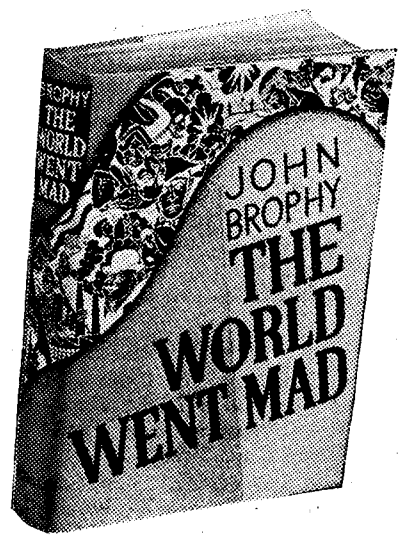

Mr. Hutchison continues, in a full page review in the NEW YORK TIMES:

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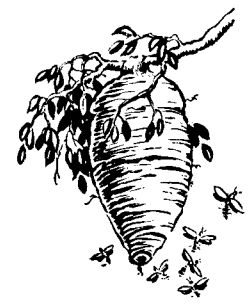

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In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich.

Burton's Arabian Nights

RICHARD F. BURTON: The Book of a Thousand Nights and a Night. Decorated by Valenti Angelo. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1934.

THE charm of Burton's translation of the tales of Scheherazade lies in the fact that if you tire of the stories you can turn to the notes and find them as entertaining as the tales. The whole forms one of the great story books—an inexhaustible fund of romance and entertainment. The usual editions of Burton are abominable examples of the way in which such *curiosa* have been presented to readers in the past who could not afford elaborate editions: worn plates, poor paper, and printing for the reader with a lean purse, false *luxe* for the subscription book victim. Only in recent years have presentable moderately priced editions been available, and of Burton's matchless translation this is the first commendable printing which we have seen.

The stories have been presented by the Limited Editions Club in six octavo volumes, easy to hold and read. The type is a good, sensible, full-color letter (Cloister), well printed on a fine, thin-toned opaque paper. The binding is in leather back and decorated paper sides, with the title stamped in blind on the backbone. The decorations by Mr. Angelo deserve praise: illustrations for books like these are usually the most indecent imaginable, because done with a leer. Mr. Angelo has done his work in line, and has only suggested illustration by stiff and rather conventional drawings which are in no wise suggestive of indecency.

The printing of these volumes in such compact, yet readable, form, for distribution at the approximate price of $30, is a good deal of an achievement, and the volumes will constitute one of the most successful issues of the Club. And it is fortunate that such a grand lot of stories can now be circulated without danger of the censor's prohibition.

Notes

The "I'll be Gosh darned" school of local color has produced "Bubblin's an' B'ilin's at the Center," by Merle Dixon Graves, issued by the Tuttle Company at Rutland, Vermont, at $2.50. The illustrations by the author are as bad as the rest of the book.

Scribner's catalogue of detective stories of all time is a catalogue to cherish. I expect that my associate, Mr. Winterich, will do the book justice.

The Rowfant Club of Cleveland has issued the "Preface to Johnson's Dictionary," printed by the Merrymount Press in a limited edition for members.

Oxford University Press has printed Washington Irving's "Journal, 1803," of his trip to Ogdensburg. It is a small book (at the somewhat large price of three dollars), printed in italic, and bound in paper boards. It is edited by Professor Stanley Williams, who also contributes a preface, and there are two illustrations.

Not So Good

HANDBOOK OF PRINT MAKING AND PRINT MAKERS. By John Taylor Arms. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Arms is a distinguished technician in the arts of print making, and he knows the history of prints and print makers; nevertheless his book is disappointing. Into the short compass of two hundred and fifty pages of small size and large type have been forced a brief and unsatisfying account of the various methods of engraving, a list of a thousand artists, and an index. It is obvious that the work should have been much more extensive, and I believe that the author was induced to condense a much longer work in order to provide a cheap and "handy" guide.

The ten illustrations are rather worse than useless: to print a wood engraving as a half-tone is unnecessary, but to attempt to differentiate between an etching and a dry-point when both are reduced to a few square inches and reproduced in half-tone is not playing fair with the reader.

Mr. Arms deserves better treatment.

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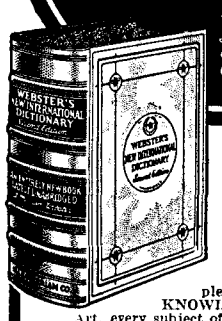

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TALES OF THE WINDY CITY

H. K. D. of De Kalb, Ill., *wants a list of stories centered on Chicago and Northern Illinois. He is especially interested in historical novels.*

CHICAGO'S sons have not been backward in writing of themselves and there is a goodly number of tales which use the great city of the plains as background. As it rose before my mind's eye on such a day of gray fog as I have seen blanket the lake and turn the city murky, there beat through my memory the insistent tattoo of that excellent mystery yarn by William B. McHarg and Edwin Balmer, THE INDIAN DRUM (Little, Brown). I have not read the book since the time of its appearance, but its sombre atmosphere, compact of mystery and horror, and the enhancement lent to them by the lake itself, dwell vividly in my recollection. Then there's that other recent book which carried off a Pulitzer Prize and which can qualify as a historical novel, even though the past it depicts is no older than the World's Columbian Exposition, Margaret Ayer Barnes's YEARS OF GRACE (Houghton Mifflin), and also Mrs. Barnes's later novel, WITHIN THIS PRESENT (Houghton Mifflin), a tale of Chicago which begins with a rapid retrospect of an early period, and then takes its leisurely way through the years from 1914 to the present. Partly historical and partly of the day, since it embraces in its stride both the Fair of 1893 and that of yesterday, is Minnie Hite Moody's ONCE AGAIN IN CHICAGO (King). Not long ago Chicago society, and especially Chicago's younger generation, found portrayal in a book of more than common promise, THIS OUR EXILE (Scribners), by a young Princeton graduate, David Burnham. Part of Mr. Burnham's story played in college, but part of it was laid in the homes of Chicago's wealthy and powerful. These, however, are all Chicago novels of recent vintage, and of less importance than those earlier ones like Frank Norris's THE PIT (Doubleday, Doran), Upton Sinclair's THE JUNGLE (published by the author), which set the United States into an uproar and ended by leading the Government to establish a Pure Food Bureau; Hamlin Garland's ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY (Harpers), one of the first of America's realistic novels, a book whose harsh depiction of Chicago life brought violent objection from critics who looked for sweetness and light in fiction and plaudits from the few more courageous souls who believed that the novel should portray life as it is and not as romance would like it to be; Henry Blake Fuller's THE CLIFF DWELLERS (Harpers), which on only a slight thread of story strung a description of existence in a huge Chicago apartment house, and his WITH THE PROCESSION (Harpers), a picture of life in Chicago's business and social circles. Then, of course, there was Dreiser's Zolaesque masterpiece, SISTER CARRIE (Liveright), which veered between portrayal of the lower middle classes in New York and Chicago, and later there came Sherwood Anderson's WINDY MACPHERSON'S SON (Viking), which carried its hero from an Iowa village to millionairedom in Chicago, and his MARCHING MEN (Viking), with its picture of the workers of Chicago. Some of the scenes of Edna Ferber's SO BIG (Doubleday, Doran) are laid in the Illinois city, and very effective scenes they are, full of the stir of life at dawn in a big metropolis among the markets where food for the town's hungry populace rolls in by cart and car from the countryside. Nor should Floyd Dell's books be forgotten, MOON CALF (Doubleday, Doran), whose hero, the poet Felix Fay, grows up in villages and small towns of Illinois and passes on to journalistic circles in Chicago, and THE BRIARY BUSH, which is a sequel to it, and both of which are semi-autobiographical. Another tale in which an Illinois village figures is Edgar Lee Masters's MITCH MILLER (Macmillan), with its boy heroes, who in their pranks and ingenuity are reminiscent of Mark Twain's famous Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. Mr. Masters's CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE (Macmillan) is one of the historical novels which H. K. D. desires, depicting as it does the fortunes of a young Englishman who came to Illinois and became a friend of Stephen A. Douglas. An older historical tale is Edward Eggleston's THE GRAYSONS (Century) which, set about 1850, introduces Lincoln, and depicts the rough and tumble life of pioneer days. Covering the same period is Katharine Holland Brown's THE FATHER (Day), through which Lincoln again walks, and in which the Underground Railway, the Abolitionists in general, and such Eastern anti-slavery men as Emerson, Hawthorne, and Alcott play a part. These are, of course, but a part of the many novels on Chicago and Illinois, but they are perhaps among the representative.

ON THE ORCHESTRA AND HARMONY

F. B. C. Jr., of Hannibal, Mo., *desires a list of books dealing with harmony and orchestral arrangements.*

P. A. Scholes, whose books on music have had a wide public for many, many years, has a volume entitled BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO HARMONY (Oxford University Press) which should meet F. B. C.'s needs as an introduction to a difficult subject. As to the orchestra, any one of the following books is tested and tried: W. J. Henderson's ORCHESTRA AND ORCHESTRAL MUSIC (Scribners), MODERN ORCHESTRATION AND INSTRUMENTATION (Fischer), by H. Kling, and Daniel Gregory Mason's ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS (Baker & Taylor). I may also refer F. B. C. to the articles on harmony and instrumentation in Grove's DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS (Macmillan).

CANADA

C. D. E. of St. Johnsbury, Vt., *in a letter so delightful that I hope she will often have occasion to write to me, says that the club which some time ago asked for material on the great rivers of the world has been started on its way and that another is now appealing to her library for reading matter on Canada. What its members desire is a brief but adequate survey of social and economic conditions in both rural and urban sections.*

Volume VI of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE (Macmillan) deals with Canada and takes up together with its account of political history the phases of development in which the St. Johnsbury club is interested. The Yale University Press publishes a readable volume entitled THE CANADIAN DOMINION, and Scribners issues CANADA TODAY, by Alexander Brady. One of the Dominion publishers, Carrier, is responsible for OTHER DAYS, OTHER WAYS, which should give the club some of the picturesque aspects of Canadian life in early days.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MURDER OF MY AUNT *Richard Hull* (Minton, Balch: $2.)	Effete and venomous nephew endeavors to batter, burn, and poison long suffering aunt—with undreamed of results.	Villainously amusing efforts of Edward to eliminate Auntie capitally described and vastly entertaining—up to a point.	Required Reading
THE SAINT IN NEW YORK *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	"Saint" Simon Templar, unofficial crime corrector, visits Manhattan and the gats go bip-bip-bip!	Maelstrom of murder, cataract of crime, kidnapings, knifings, shootings, and always the Saint's merry quips.	Gosh!

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Double-Crostics: Number 43

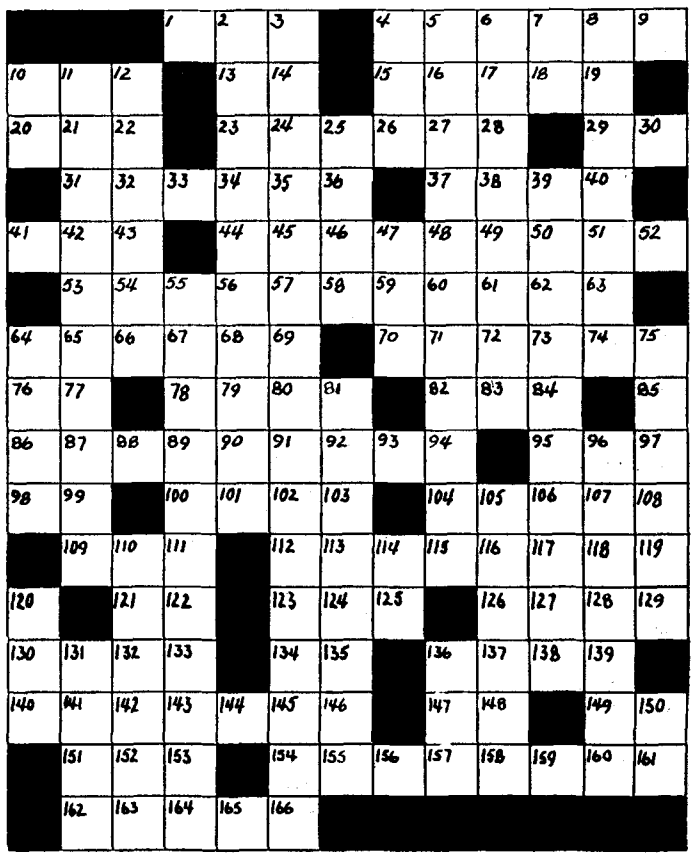
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 32-160-142-95. Lacking firmness and strength.	_ _ _ _
II. 2-89-100-137-125-24-105-64. To exceed in violence.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 51-115-8-40-163-90. Author of "Passing Judgments."	_ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 26-126-98-104. Abundant issue, flow.	_ _ _ _
V. 85-56-6-18. Authoritative decree or sanction.	_ _ _ _
VI. 66-28-96-73-130-14. Musical exercises.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 71-7-88-99-52. Stringed instruments.	_ _ _ _ _
VIII. 45-58-129-75-116-19. Extravagant.	_ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 155-10-122-60-69-101. Stiff, unapproachable.	_ _ _ _ _ _
X. 37-141-54-123-22-91-97-84-152-121. Novel by Kingsley.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 35-61-67-4. Eldest son of Lot's eldest daughter.	_ _ _ _
XII. 150-156-92-3-114-49-31-27. To exceed in importance.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 140-17-48-162-111-59. Winter apple.	_ _ _ _ _
XIV. 9-87-53-127. New name of an old country.	_ _ _ _
XV. 136-25-158-112-12-119-39-72-149-165-46-133-107. Gossipped.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 117-83-146-36-135-103. Norwegian Nobel Prize novelist.	_ _ _ _ _
XVII. 57-143-134-41-161-124-16-50-74. Opera by De Koven.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 164-23-147-77. Bird venerated by early Egyptians.	_ _ _ _
XIX. 94-11-157-108-20-128-76-5. Popular state name for N. Mex.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 79-120-151-86-65. American member of Parliament.	_ _ _ _ _
XXI. 78-44-68-70. Seat of oldest university in western hemisphere.	_ _ _ _
XXII. 93-106-132-42-33-118. Home of the Scotch-Irish.	_ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 148-15-81-110-21-62. Father of the Sphinx.	_ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 82-109-34-144-29-63-154. Reversion to type.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXV. 80-138-47-30-1-153-131. High-powered orator.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXVI. 139-113-13-102-166. Husband of Bathsheba.	_ _ _ _ _
XXVII. 43-145-55-38-159. European cuttlefish.	_ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 42)

HENRY DAVID THOREAU—"LETTERS"

It is better to have your head in the clouds, and know where you are, if indeed you cannot get it above them, than to breathe the clearer atmosphere below them, and think that you are in paradise.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, NORWALK, CONN. Illustrated booklet on request. Tel. Norwalk 2300.

LINGUIST (French, Spanish), translator; lecturer; editorial and ghost-writing experience; American man, trained at home and abroad, wants employment beginning February first. Box 175-A.

LUSUS NATURAE—See letter. Margot. Box 183-A.

PERSONALS

THE AMERICAN HITLERS have now completely moronized the movies. Correspondence with cultured people remains one of a few methods of keeping intellectually alive. CONTACTS connects you with 1,300 liberal-minded members. Send 3c stamp. CONTACTS, Department A, Box 91, Station D, N. Y. C.

WHAT New York employer will rescue colleged, intelligent, ambitious stenographer who is fair, titian, and twenty, from being buried alive in Pennsylvania's foothills? Box 181-A.

AMATEUR WRITER seeks correspondence young lady with same interest. Box 182-A.

WANTED: Club Women, others, to join Literary Service Councils, 11 W. 42d Street, Suite 1062, New York City. Qualify for promotional work, contact church, social, literary societies, individuals, smaller towns and cities everywhere outside metropolitan area.

GREEK KEYBOARD Typewriter — Who will rent one for three months' work? Biblical scholar. Box 185-A.

NORTHERN Irishwoman, musical, fluent German, French; can type, drive car; fond of travelling, golfing, riding, and human beings from seventeen to seventy, wants interesting job where adaptability and sense of humor would be appreciated. Box 186-A.

YOUNG man, excellent knowledge of modern literature and journalism (mag. experience), desires position as correspondent or anything legitimate; need money. Box 188-A.

THIS TOWN! I know hundreds of people in places where I'm not and three in New York where I am. Why have nice hair and nicer eyes and a disposition like you read about if you still know three (3) people? Well? Molly.

HOUSEKEEPER. Intelligent single German woman, with knowledge of English, French and Italian, typewriting, trained in all branches of household duties, good cook, would give services to elderly Gentleman or couple. "Alone." Phone BU 8-6490, room 508.

ARE THERE any unattached young men in New York between thirty and forty who are at least six foot tall and who are interested in going "Dutch" on theatre, dancing, walking, etc.? Box 200-A.

PERSONALS

DOES any one have an Encyclopedia Britannica for sale? Box 184-A.

SECRETARY wants job in England, Australia, Hawaii or any place less deadly than New York. Box 189-A.

YOUNG WRITER desires correspondence with other grey-day philosophers and laggards along the path to glory. Box 190-A.

INN OPPORTUNITY — Through the death of treasurer and settling of estate, one of the most prosperous and charming of New England Inns on market. Same management for many years. Delightful colony of literary folks. Inn has interesting collection of antiques. Box 191-A.

YOUNG WOMAN wishes to combine a love of the sea with a livelihood. Anything wholesome; ashore or afloat. Box 192-A.

POSITION desired by New England woman; neat, reliable and competent in the care of home and children. Box 193-A.

IS THERE, in New York vicinity, a job—to be done thoroughly and with finesse? Young man, maladjustedly situated, offers no outstanding experience—but an ability to learn quickly—and an idea or two, if necessary. Box 194-A.

YOUNG MAN desires room downtown. Clean. Reasonable. Box 195-A.

AUTHOR desires a patron to lend fifteen hundred dollars, to be repaid with interest at six per cent, to continue favorably criticized literary work; or would like position anywhere with spare time for writing. American, 35, reliable character, references. Inquiry invited; confidential. Box 196-A.

YOUNG MAN, 35, educated, likes to read, sing, dance, or just discuss life, good sense of humor, would welcome correspondence or meeting with literate woman of similar pursuits. Manhattan. Box 197-A.

CRACKERJACK idea for new periodical; need money, associates. Box 198-A.

DESIRED correspondence with sincere gentleman over 30 by young lady, Jewish, professional, sincere, wholesome, who likes everything genuine. Box 199-A.

INTROVERT-EXTRAVERT desires epistolary stimulation from extravert-introvert free from affectation and clichés. (Signed) Cassandra.

COME ON up to Canada and give us a new deal in boy friends. Hard-to-Find and Out-of-Print.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE world is full of amazing phenomena! As the Marvellous Remark-of-the-Month I select a line from *Rolfe Humphries's* first half of an essay on *Robinson Jeffers,* in the January *Modern Monthly:*

"To call Shakespeare a bourgeois writer is not, by any means, to call him a bum."

Then there is the glittering fact that the Nazis in Germany have banned *Charlie Chaplin's* "The Gold Rush" as not being sympathetic with the aims of the National Socialist Party!

On Friday, the 18th, the employees of Covici-Friede threw a party for the benefit of *The Word,* official publication of the Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers Union, at the studio of *Miss Fannie Engle.* . . . A week before the same firm had celebrated the sixth year of its publishing existence by moving to more spacious offices at 432 Fourth Avenue. This firm, starting with specialization in publishing expensive and limited editions, made a great success of "The Well of Loneliness" about six years ago, and then made a more general list its objective. . . . I thank *Abraham Chasanow* for a copy of a device he recently perfected called "The Handy Rhymer," which he says is eighty per cent more accurate than any Rhyming Dictionary on the market. Its phonetic character permits of its use in any language. . . . *Edwin Gile Rich* is editing the memoirs of Vidocq, the great French detective, which Houghton Mifflin will publish in the Spring. . . . Commonwealth College, at Mena, Arkansas, has started a Workers' Museum of Capitalistic Decay. "Here we are building up a complete record of the collapse of capitalism while it is still in process and the records of the collapse are at hand to preserve and classify." . . . *Matthew Josephson,* with his wife, is on a great-circle tour of the South. . . . *The Saturday Evening Post* is rarely mentioned as a stimulant to book sales, but during the six weeks when "Pitcairn's Island" was running serially in the *Post,* the sales of "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Men Against the Sea," the earlier volumes of the sea trilogy by *Charles Nordhoff* and *James Norman Hall,* were increased 140% and 62% respectively over the six weeks immediately prior to that date. . . . *Louis Adamic's* "The Native's Return" has been long on the non-fiction best-seller lists. He has finished a novel, "Grandsons," a story of third generation immigrants to this country, which Harper & Brothers will publish this Spring. . . . Next fall the same firm will bring out *Derek Patmore's* book about his family. This young Englishman is the great-great-grandson of the *Peter George Patmore* who was an intimate friend of *Hazlitt* and *Charles Lamb* and *Coventry Patmore,* the Victorian poet, who counted among his friends *Lord Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Browning, Thackeray,* etc. . . . Hollywood, says *Harold Lamb,* who has been working with *Cecil de Mille* on his big new film dealing with the Crusades, has become history-conscious. They have scratched their heads over who the Hospitallers were, they have learned old words like "ribalds," "bully boys," and "jackmen,"—but when "Cleopatra" was being filmed, and somebody asked "Where is Cleopatra's litter?"—the puzzled reply was "Litter of what?" . . . . Of course that supreme Hollywood enthusiast, *Luella Parsons,* in the *Cosmopolitan,* is doing her best to try to convince all and sundry that Hollywood is becoming really intellectual, what with *Zoë Akins,* and now *Dotty Parker* (who has incidentally adopted *Katharine Mansfield* bangs). At that we don't believe it, and we wonder whether Dotty does.

One of my favorite recent books: *Charles R. Knight's* "Before the Dawn of History," published by Whittlesey House, McGraw Hill Book Company. The pictures of all those prehistoric monsters are simply superb! . . . Pacific Publications, a coöperative non-profit publishing house, has been founded by a group of California citizens to promote in general the ideals of liberalism throughout the country, and to afford in particular a means of expression for the maturing, characteristic culture of the American Pacific Coast. I applaud this move. The manager, *Mr. George Wyant,* may be addressed Pacific Publications, Los Angeles, California. Or get in touch with *Dr. T. Perceval Gerson,* at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood. . . . *Noel Coward's* autobiography, "Present Indicative," is three-quarters done. When it was half done he lost the manuscript in the wreck of his yacht last summer near Corsica. . . . A new $10,000 Prize Novel competition for 1935, for first novels by American and Canadian authors, is announced by *Pictorial Review* and Dodd, Mead and Company. Novels should be more than 50,000 words in length, but there is no limitation on subject or method of treatment. The contest closes on October 15th next, and full particulars may be obtained by writing to the Prize Novel Contest Editors, at either *Pictorial Review* or Dodd, Mead and Company.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞M. Lincoln Schuster is busy "night and day" preparing the first issue of "*Eyes on the World,*" a current history in photographs to appear in June ($3.50). "Man, proud man," shakespeares Max, "is the central character of this annual newspaper in book form. . . . The primitive shock, the startled awareness, the deep flooding illumination from honest photographs of life as it is actually lived." ☞Robert Hart Lewis, who retired lately from the Oxford University Press staff on pension, is rounding out his half-century in the book trade by research regarding the Colonial booksellers of the U. S. and Canada. He will be grateful for suggestions or records of early American booksellers. Mr. Lewis's address is 404 Center Street, West Haven, Conn. ☞The Steuben Glass Galleries at 748 Fifth Avenue recently showed a window display of books on fine glass. Steuben Glass is rebuilding its library of works dealing with glassmaking, which is open to all devotees of the vitreous and hyaline. The head of the company is the bibliophile Mr. Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., collector of Lewis Carroll and others. ☞Good to hear that Hilaire Belloc will be here in cold and windy March; we were always an admirer of that overcoat of his with a cape on it. ☞*Deliver Us From Dictators!* is the title of Robert C. Brooks's book announced by the University of Pennsylvania Press. "Taking Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, as prototypes, the author shows how Roosevelt does not qualify temperamentally for the role." ☞Major Theodore Bitterman (U. S. A. retired) and Mr. Edgar S. Brightman also identified Friswell for us. Mr. Brightman says Friswell's volume of essays *The Gentle Life* "reached a 21st edition." ☞Which reminds us that Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp,* lately reissued by Doubleday, was a favorite book of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Wonder if Katharine Cornell has ever read it?

* *

☞Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, much enjoying his first visit to these parts, has gone to lecture at Calhoun College, Yale. Among Mr. MacCarthy's many excellent essays in criticism our favorite is the one where he shows the perfect similarity of Gertrude Stein's writing and the practice exercises in Pitman's Commercial Typewriting Manual. ☞And what a pleasure to meet someone who knew, personally and actually knew (as Mr. MacCarthy did), our old idol Samuel Butler. ☞Wish someone would return our long-vanished *Way of All Flesh.* ☞Old Q. duly accomplished the first of his three annual intentions. On Christmas Day he read again, as he always does, good old Bishop Stubb's preface to his *Constitutional History,* written at Oxford on Christmas Day, 1873. Some day he'll reprint that preface for you in a leaflet. "The History of Institutions cannot be mastered — can scarcely be approached—without an effort." And so it goes on: as fine a 300 words as any in its field. How Arthur Brisbane would fall upon it if he knew it. ☞And secondly, next Sunday evening (Jan. 20) will be St. Agnes' Eve and Q. will read Keats's poem, as he always reminds you to on that date. ☞And this year he may really read Mrs. Inchbald's *A Simple Story,* which he bought long ago in an Oxford Press reprint dated 1908; largely because it has a preface by G. L. Strachey—whom we knew later as Lytton.

Here Are Rare Realities:

Two tales **James Hilton,** with Lost Horizon, qualified as winner of the Hawthornden Prize, one of England's coveted literary distinctions—**Mark Van Doren,** distinguished poet and literary critic, turns to fiction and writes a first novel different from anything you have ever read. Both touch on fantasy. But both carry a basis of realism that every reader will recognize as part of his existence. THE TRANSIENTS will join LOST HORIZON as an important fiction contribution to imaginative prose.

Lost Horizon

Has sold **37,000** copies and received critical acclaim, literary approval (Hawthornden Prize), best sellerdom. Alexander Woollcott read this rare and absorbing tale and went "quietly mad" over it. Readers everywhere have come under the magic spell of this unforgettable novel.

by James Hilton

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Passing Judgments

By

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